

CDC

ATOMIC MOUSE

Nº 7

ATOMIC MOUSE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



DON'T YOU
KNOW IT'S *NOT*
POLITE TO
POINT?

10¢



AGO



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

ATOMIC MOUSE

super duper contest!

NEW...DIFFERENT...EXCITING!

HERE YOU ARE,
FOLKS!

HOW MANY WORDS CAN
YOU MAKE FROM MY NAME...
ATOMIC MOUSE? SHARPEN
YOUR PENCILS, AND GET
YOUR ANSWERS TO ME
FAST!!!

FROM JO-ANN
CUSTOM
USE
TOM
SET
COAT
MEAT

SINCERELY
JO-ANN

Rules: SEE HOW MANY WORDS YOU CAN MAKE FROM THE FAMOUS NAME "ATOMIC MOUSE". THE BOY OR GIRL WHO SENDS IN THE MOST WORDS MADE FROM THE NAME "ATOMIC MOUSE", WILL RECEIVE A \$5.00 CASH PRIZE... AND THE NEXT FIVE RUNNER-UP ONES WILL BE AWARDED A CRISP NEW ONE DOLLAR BILL. SO HURRY, HURRY, GET YOUR PENCILS AND PUT ON YOUR THINKING CAPS. SEND YOUR ANSWERS TO: AL FAGO, 1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



ATOMIC MOUSE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
ERI dig this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES
LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • THE THING • SIX-GUN HEROES
ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCES-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
SWEETHEARTH • TEX BITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



WHEN COUNT GATTO
DECIDES THAT THE
ONLY WAY TO CONQUER
THE UNIVERSE IS TO
STEAL THE CHILDREN FROM
ALL THE PLANETS AND
USE THEM TO KEEP THE
SOLAR DYNAMOS RUNNING,
SO THAT HE CAN HAVE ALL
THE POWER HE WANTS,
IT'S REALLY TIME FOR
ATOMIC MOUSE TO
TEACH HIM A LESSON
AND SHOW HIM WHO
REALLY IS THE...

**"MASTER OF THE
UNIVERSE"**

ATOMIC MOUSE

OUR STORY OPENS IN MOUSEVILLE, WHERE EVERYONE IS HAPPY NOW THAT THE EVIL COUNT GATTO HAS BEEN TOLD NEVER AGAIN TO HARM ANYONE, BY ATOMIC MOUSE... BUT LITTLE DO THEY KNOW OF COUNT GATTO'S EVIL GENIUS...

I BET I CAN HIT THAT MARBLE SQUARED! OH, GOODY! SEE?

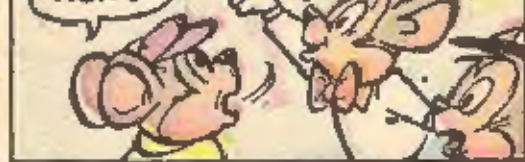
GEE! ATOMIC MOUSE MUST HAVE TAUGHT YOU THAT!



SSWWOOSH!

LOOK! A NEW TYPE OF SHIP!

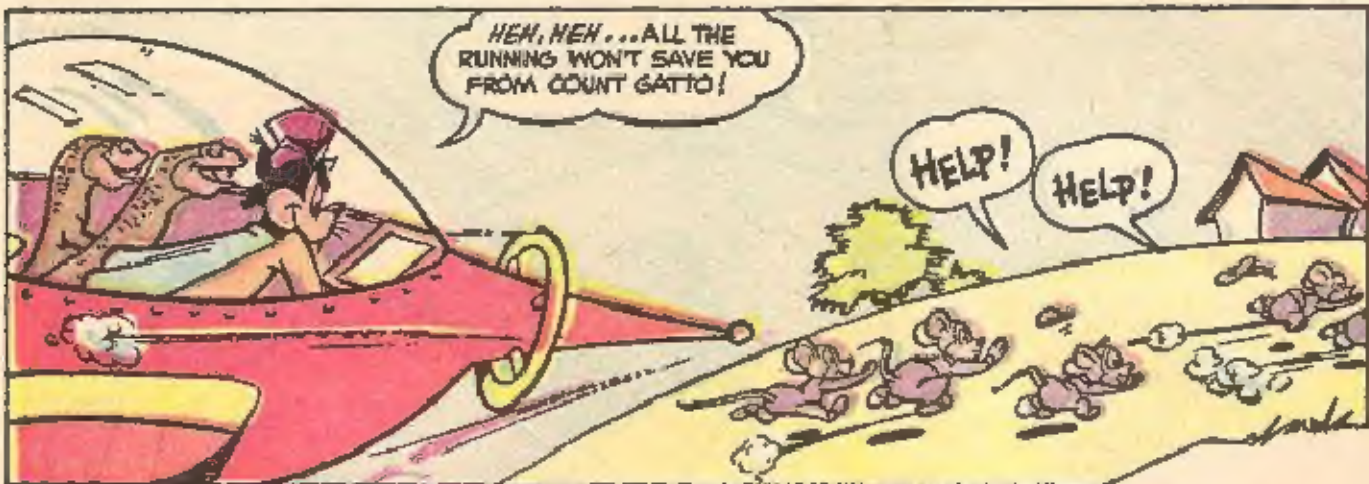
THAT'S NO AIRSHIP! THAT'S COUNT GATTO-- COME BACK TO HURT US! RUN!



HEH, HEH... ALL THE RUNNING WON'T SAVE YOU FROM COUNT GATTO!

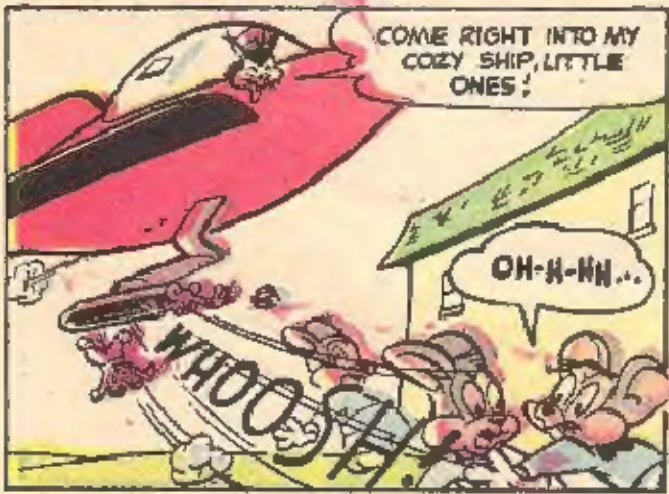
HELP!

HELP!



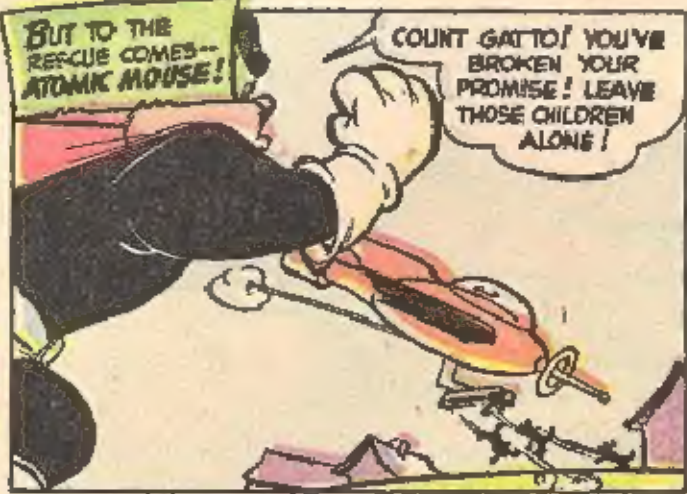
COME RIGHT INTO MY COZY SHIP, LITTLE ONES!

OH-H-NH...



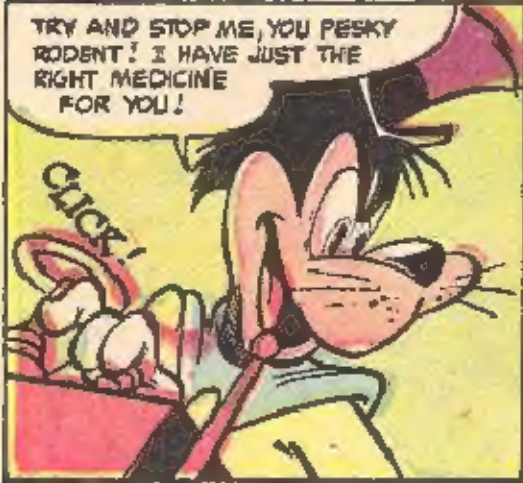
BUT TO THE RESCUE COMES-- ATOMIC MOUSE!

COUNT GATTO! YOU'VE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE! LEAVE THOSE CHILDREN ALONE!

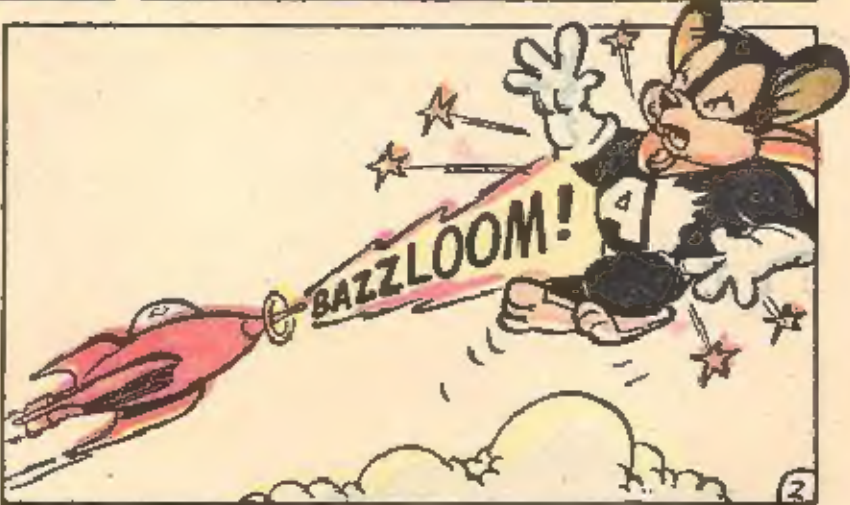


TRY AND STOP ME, YOU PESKY RODENT! I HAVE JUST THE RIGHT MEDICINE FOR YOU!

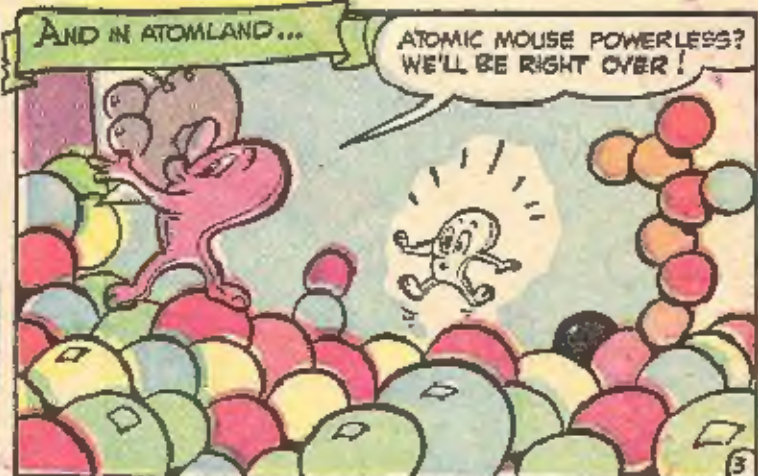
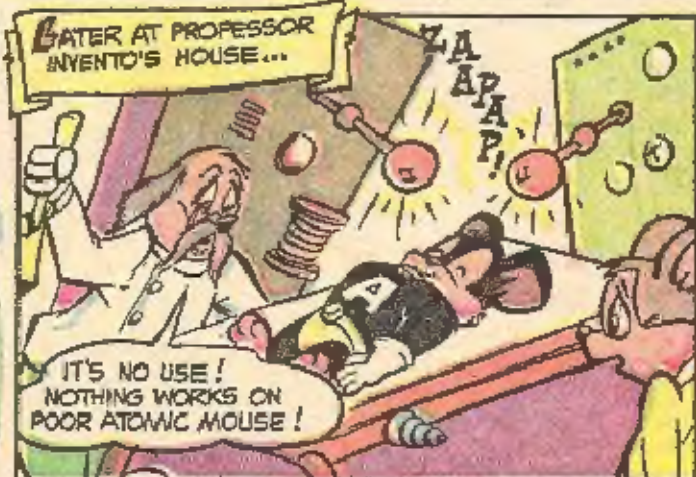
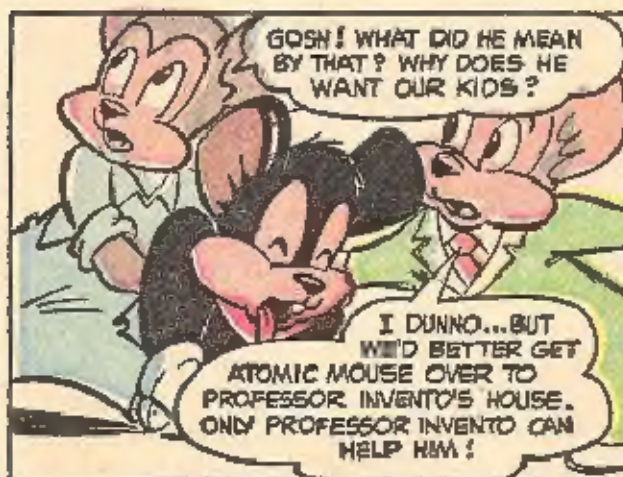
CLICK!



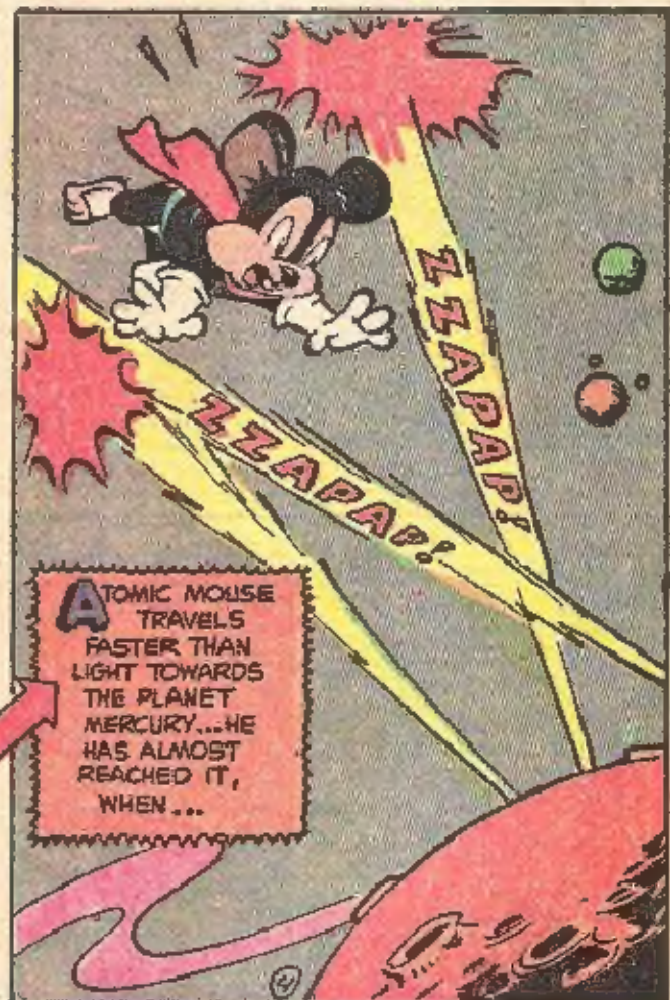
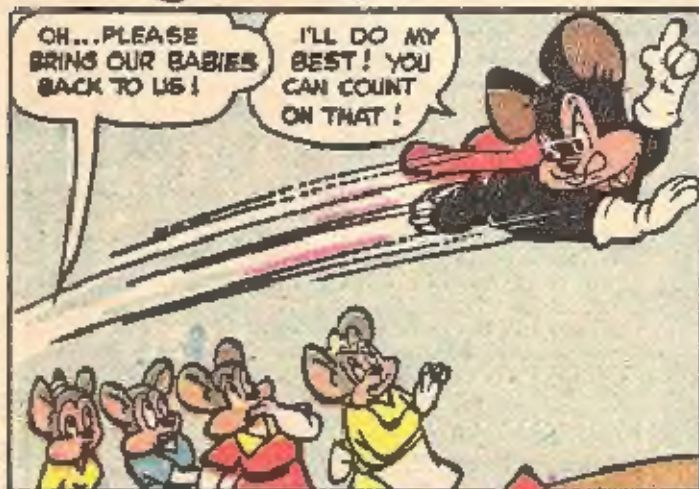
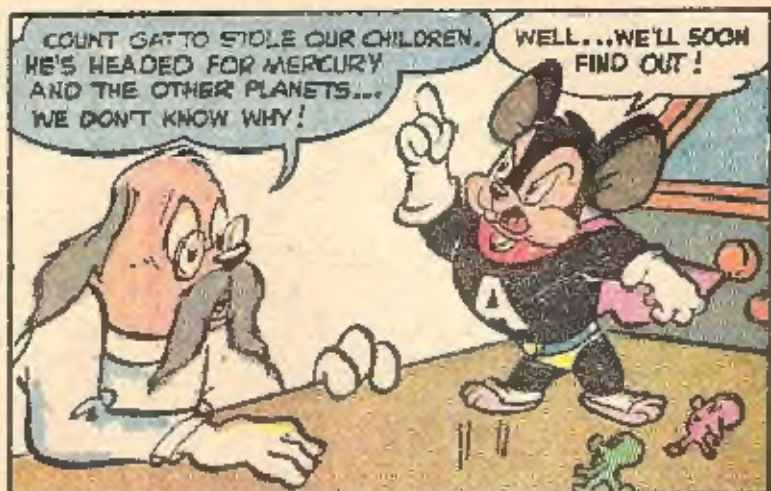
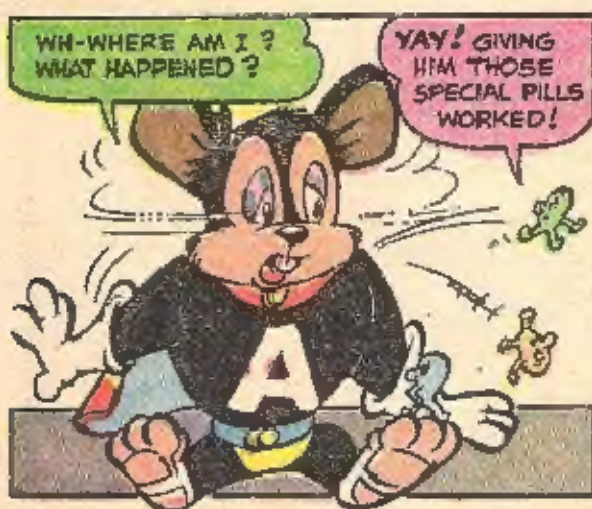
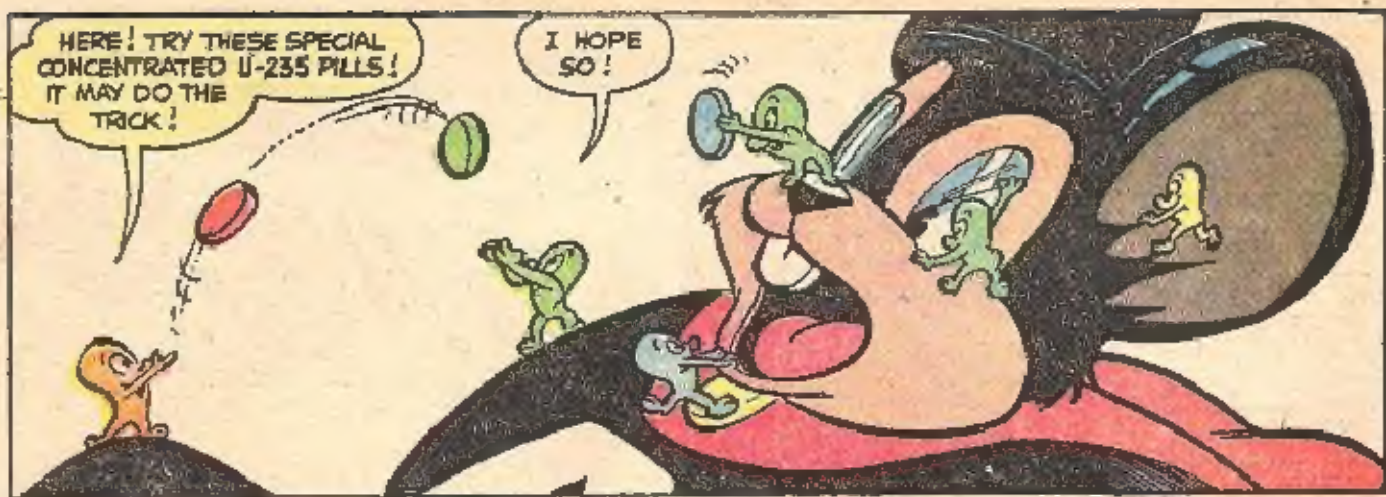
BAZZLOOM!



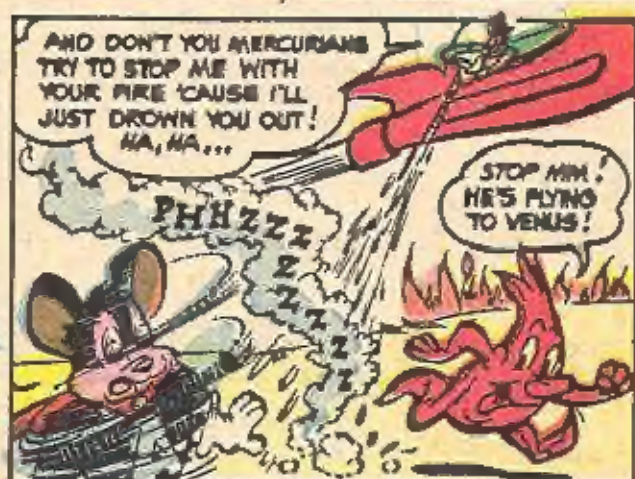
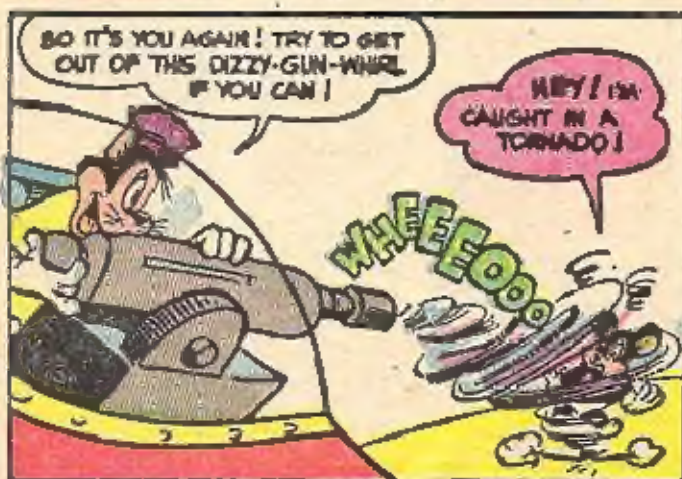
ATOMIC MOUSE



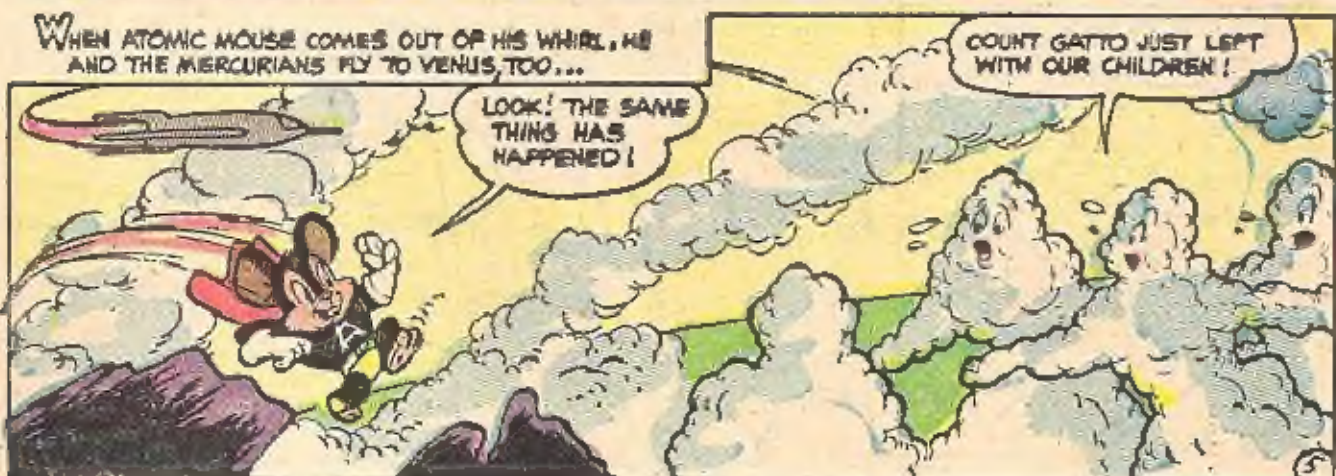
ATOMIC MOUSE



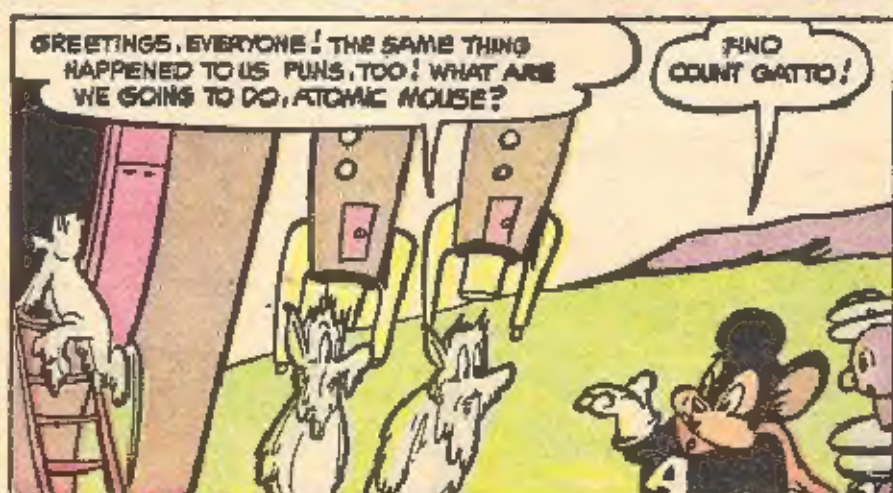
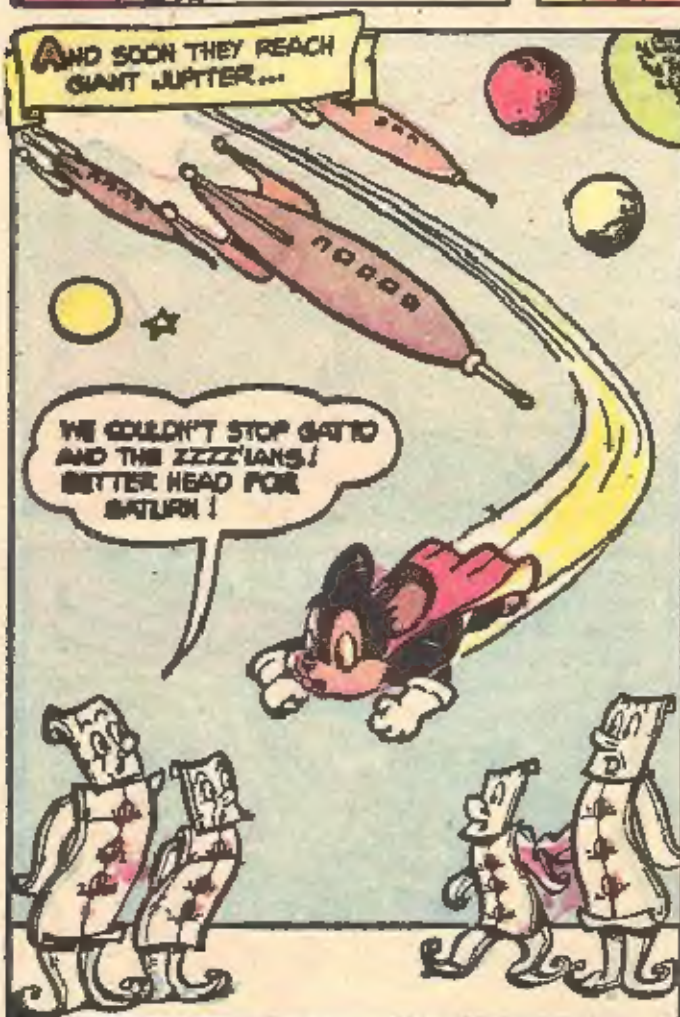
ATOMIC MOUSE



WHEN ATOMIC MOUSE COMES OUT OF HIS WHIRL, HE AND THE MERCURIANS FLY TO VENUS, TOO...



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

SUDDENLY...

COUNT GATTO
HAS FOUND YOU!

THE ZZZIANS!

SPLAT!

CAPTURE ATOMIC MOUSE.
MY SLAVES!

SMACK!
POW

THEY CAN
TRY!

WHAM!

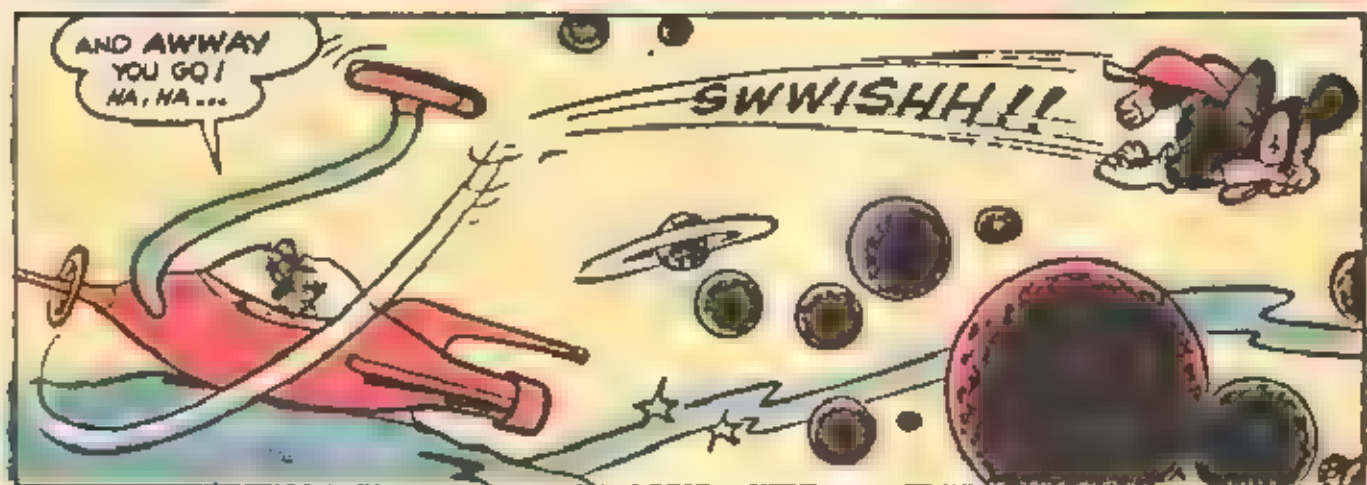
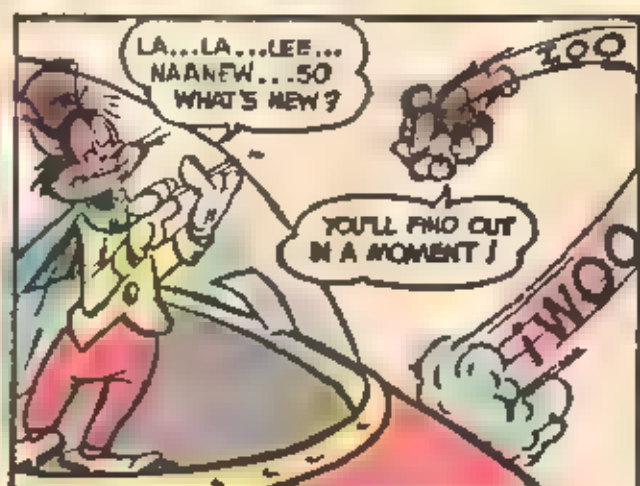
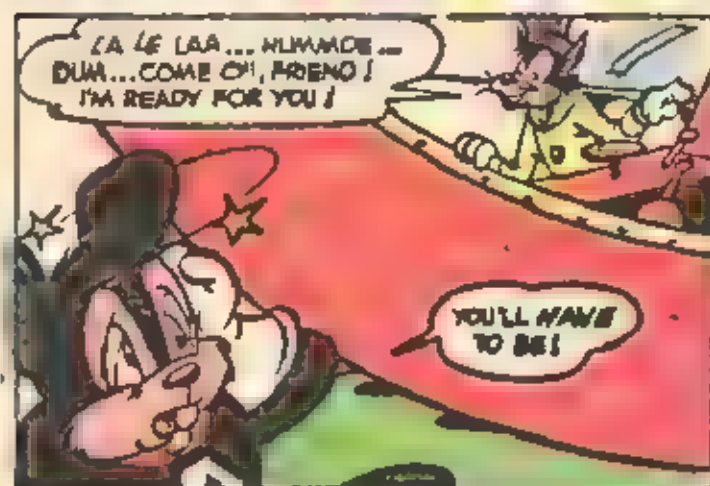
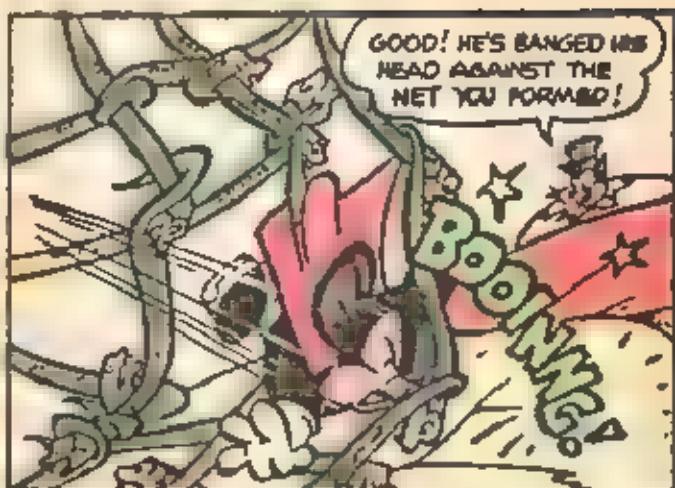
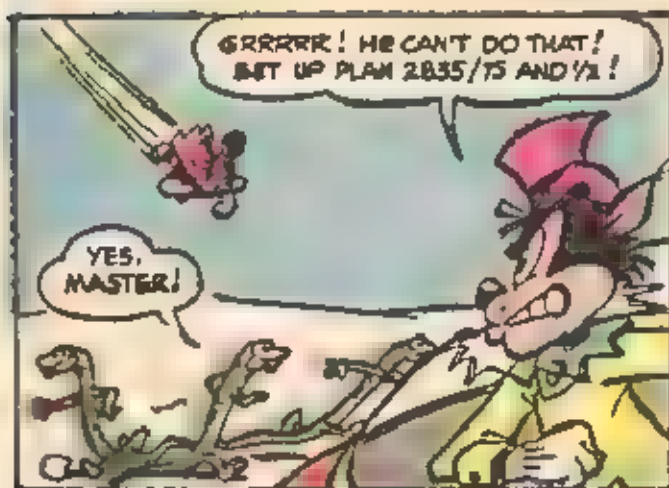
BUT THEY'RE
IN FOR A
BIG SURPRISE!

HELP! HE'S GOING
TO HIT ME
WITH THEM!

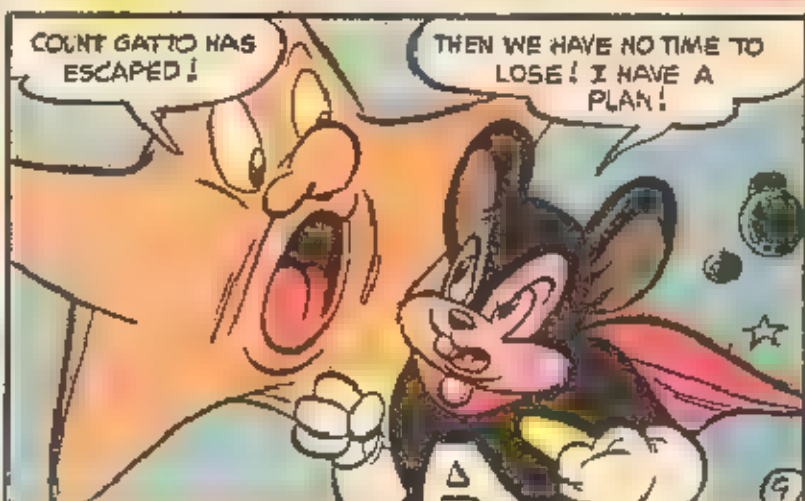
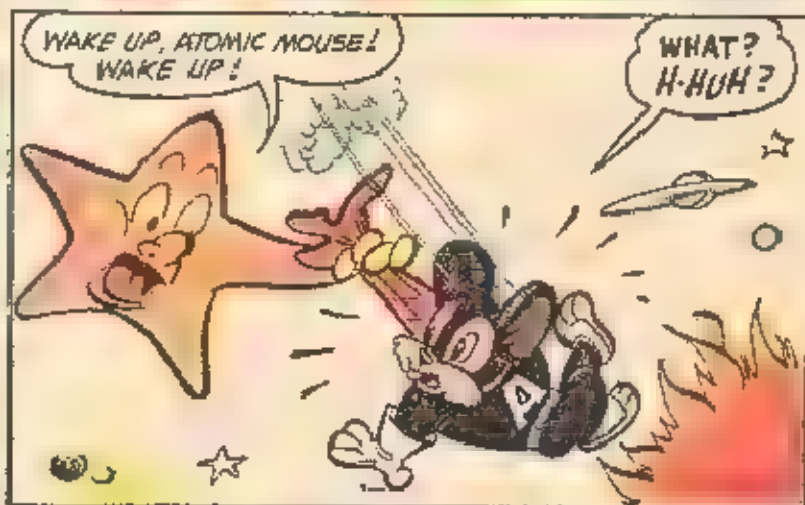
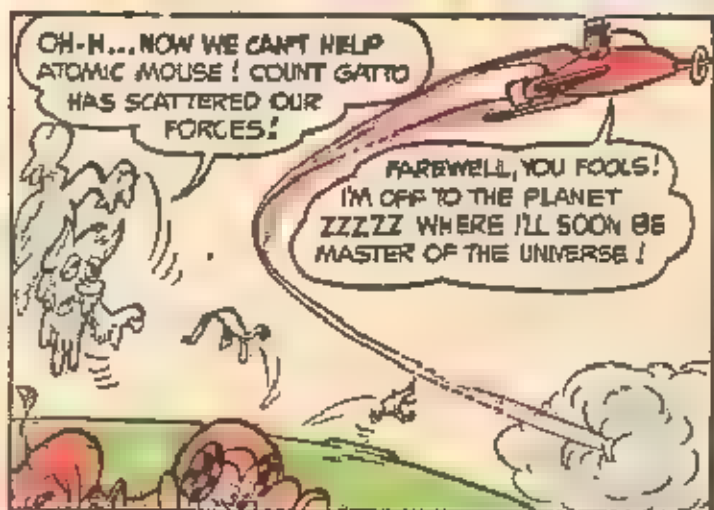
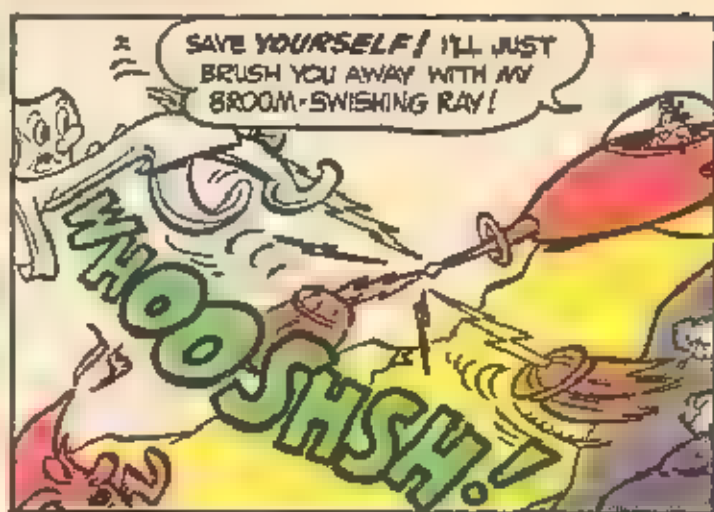
YOU'RE SO RIGHT!

CRASHH!

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ATOMIC MOUSE

MOMENTS LATER, BACK
WITH HIS FRIENDS...

WE'RE GOING AFTER
COUNT GATTO--STRAIGHT
TO PLANET ZZZZ!

BUT HOW CAN WE
FIGHT HIM?

THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH...IT'S TIME
TO TAKE MY U-235 PILL!

COUNT GATTO--
HERE WE COME!!

AND ON PLANET ZZZZ...

ATOMIC MOUSE AND HIS ALLIES
APPROACH, MASTER!

I'LL TEACH THEM THEIR
FINAL LESSON!

TURN THOSE WHEELS
FASTER! I NEED MORE
POWER FOR MY WEAPONS!
HURRY!

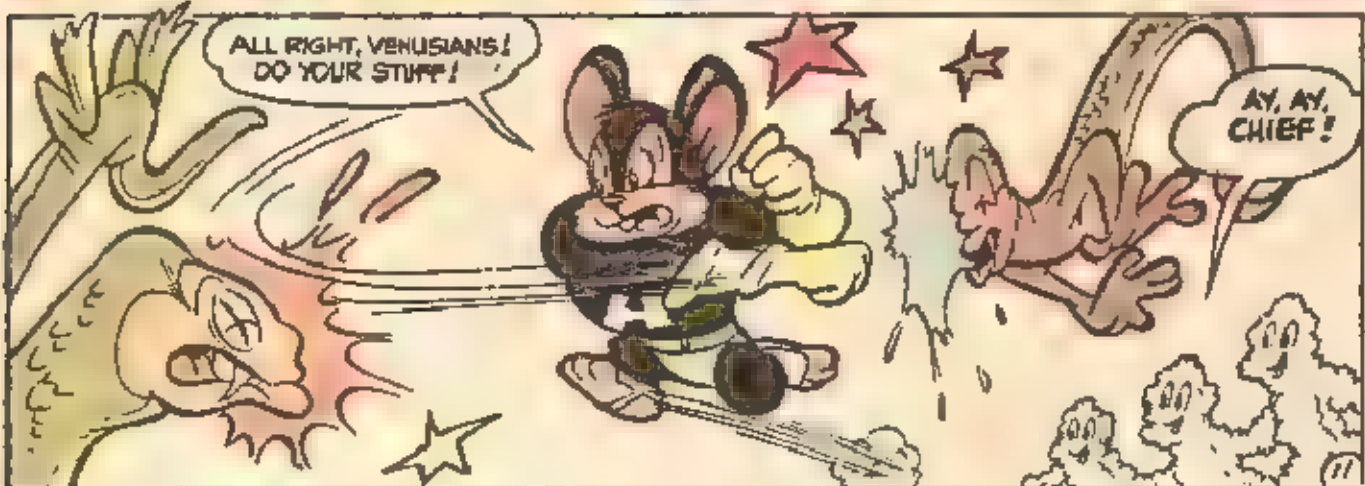
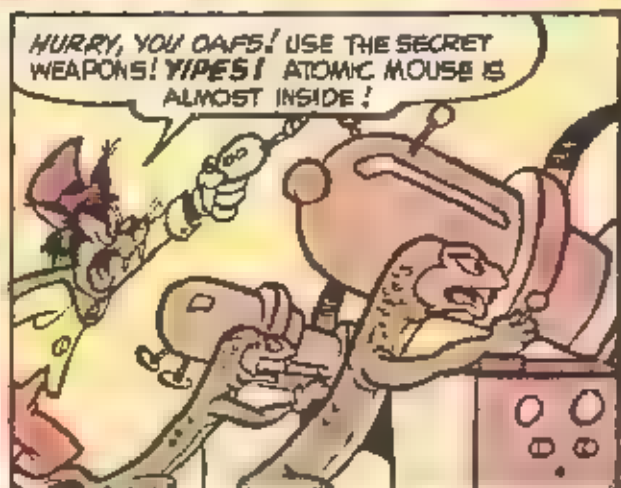
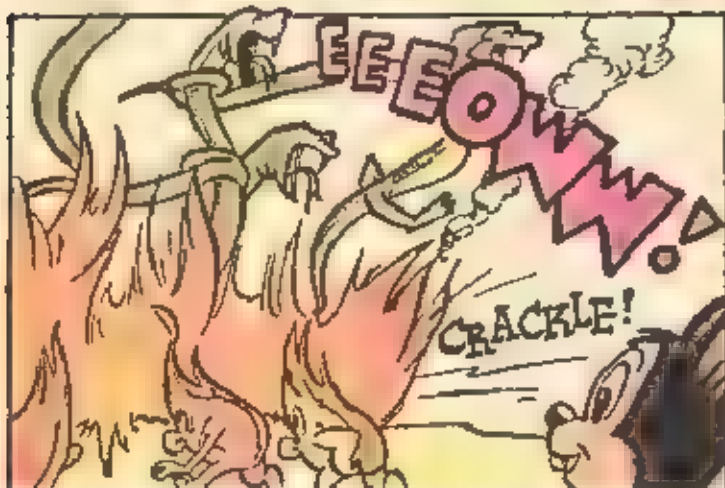
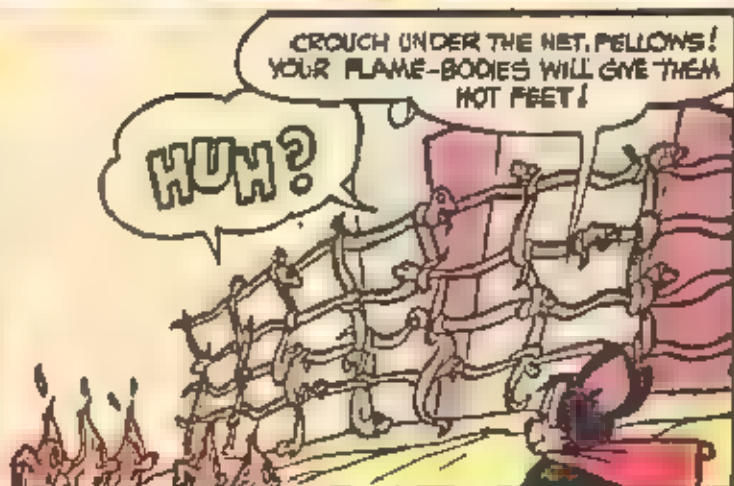
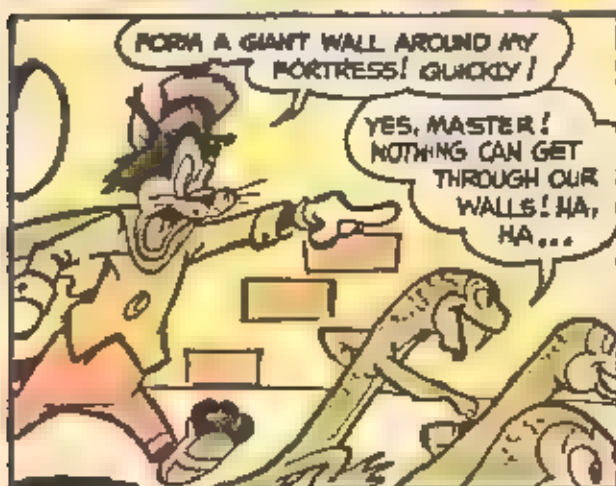
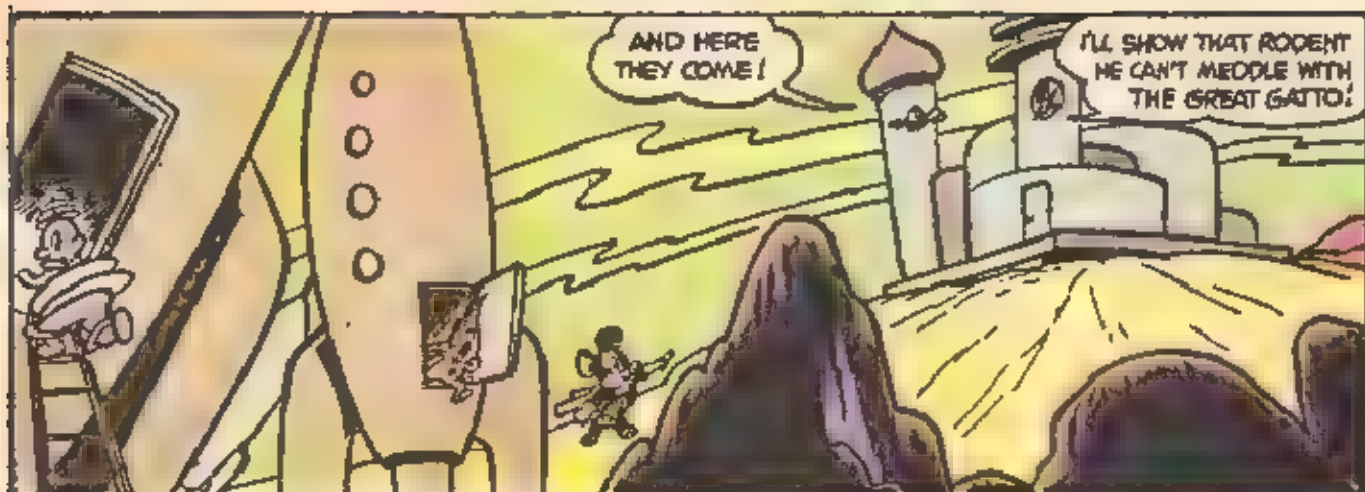
HA,
HA!

Y-YES,
SIR!

ARE ALL OUR SECRET
WEAPONS IN ORDER?

YES, MASTER.
ATOMIC MOUSE
WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT HIM!

ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

KALPPH...KAUPPH...CURSES! THE VENUSIANS HAVE FLOATED IN THROUGH THE CRACKS IN THE DOOR! THEIR CLOUD BODIES ARE BLINDING US!



BUT--NOTHING AND NO ONE CAN OUTWIT COUNT GATTI! HEH, HEH... GET INTO YOUR SPACE SUITS!



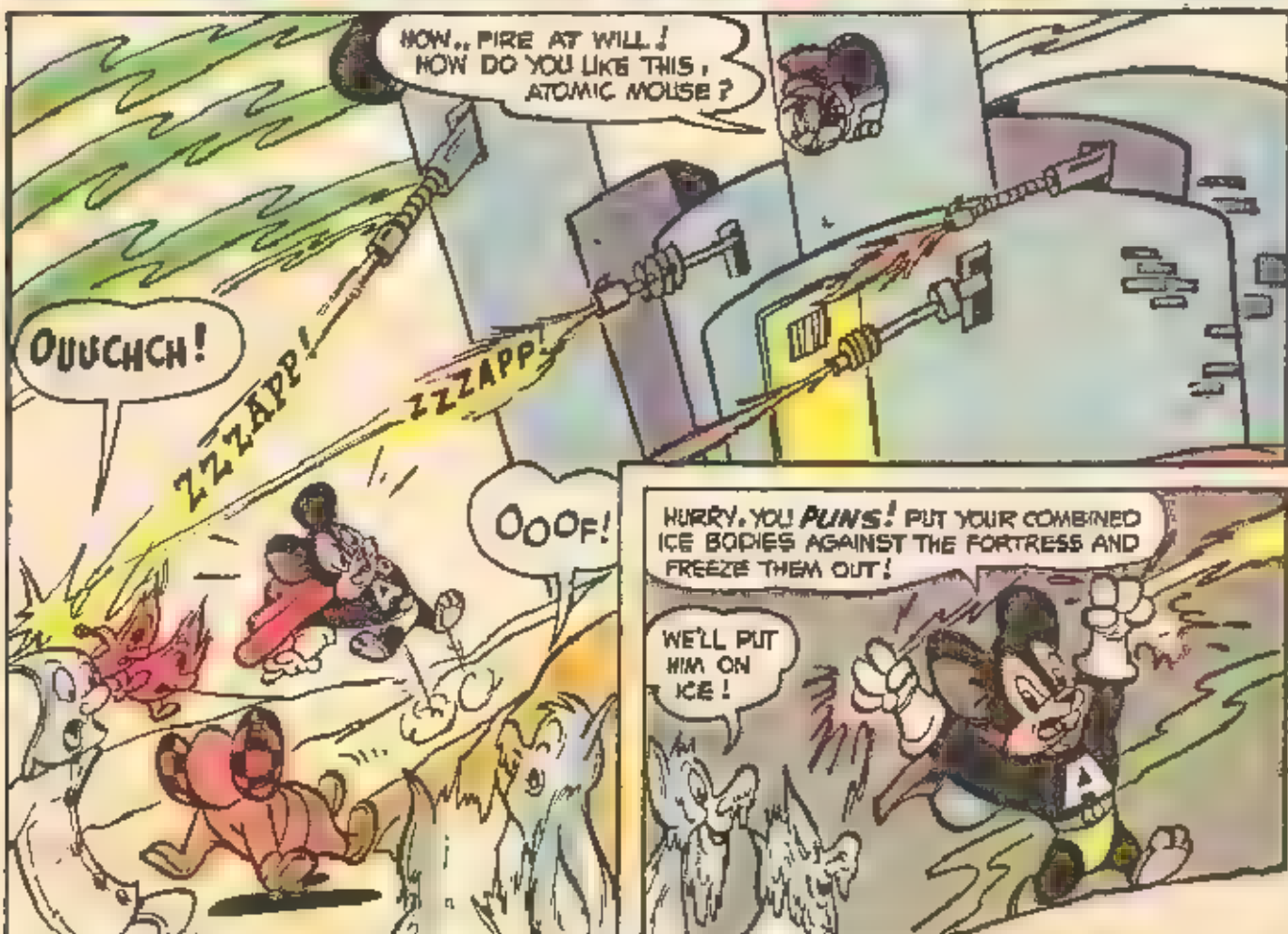
NOW.. FIRE AT WILL! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, ATOMIC MOUSE?

OOUCHCH!

ZZZAPP!

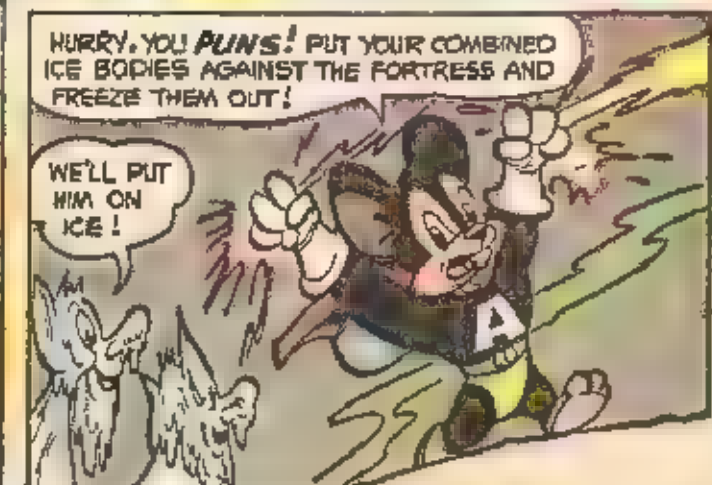
ZZZAPP!

OOF!



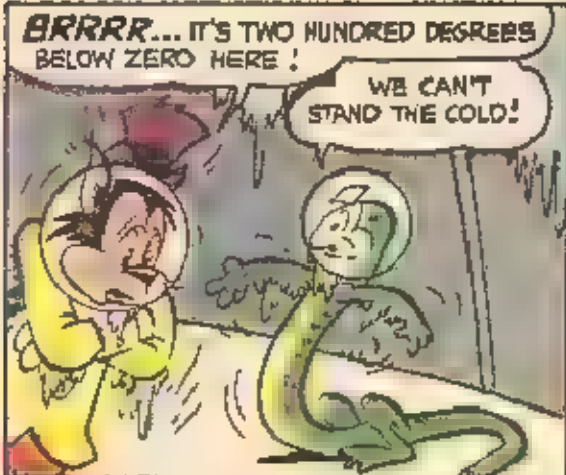
HURRY, YOU **PUNS!** PUT YOUR COMBINED ICE BODIES AGAINST THE FORTRESS AND FREEZE THEM OUT!

WE'LL PUT HIM ON ICE!



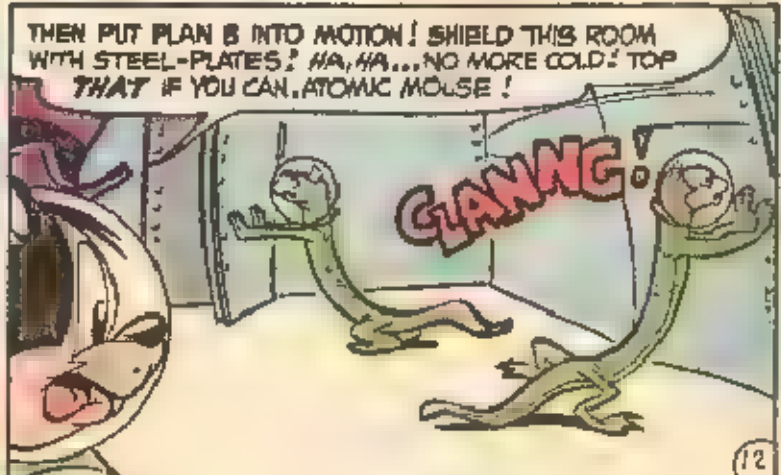
BRRRR... IT'S TWO HUNDRED DEGREES BELOW ZERO HERE!

WE CAN'T STAND THE COLD!

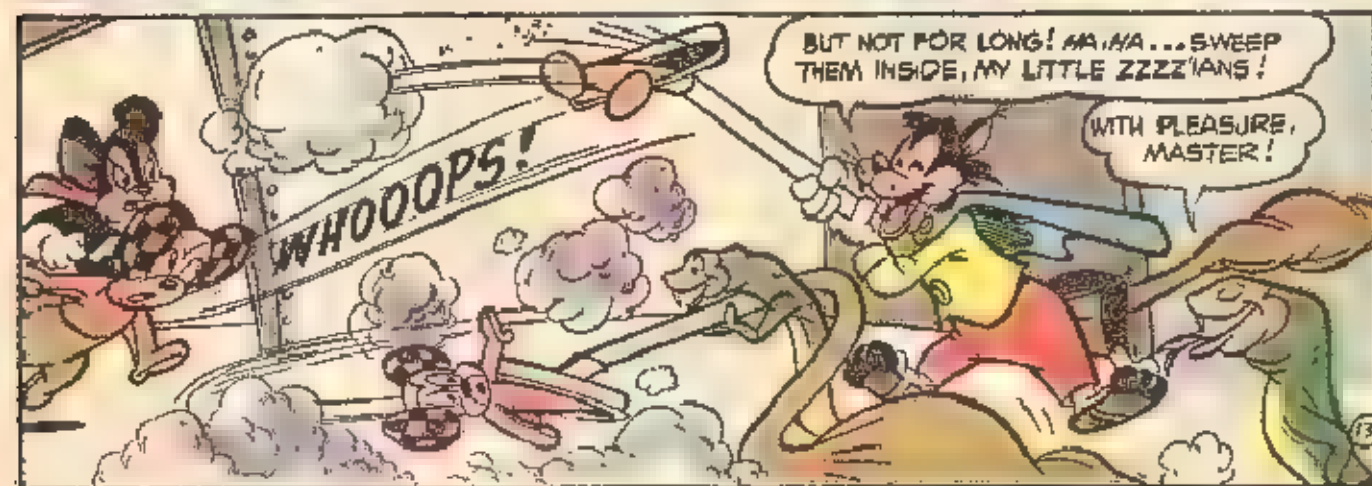
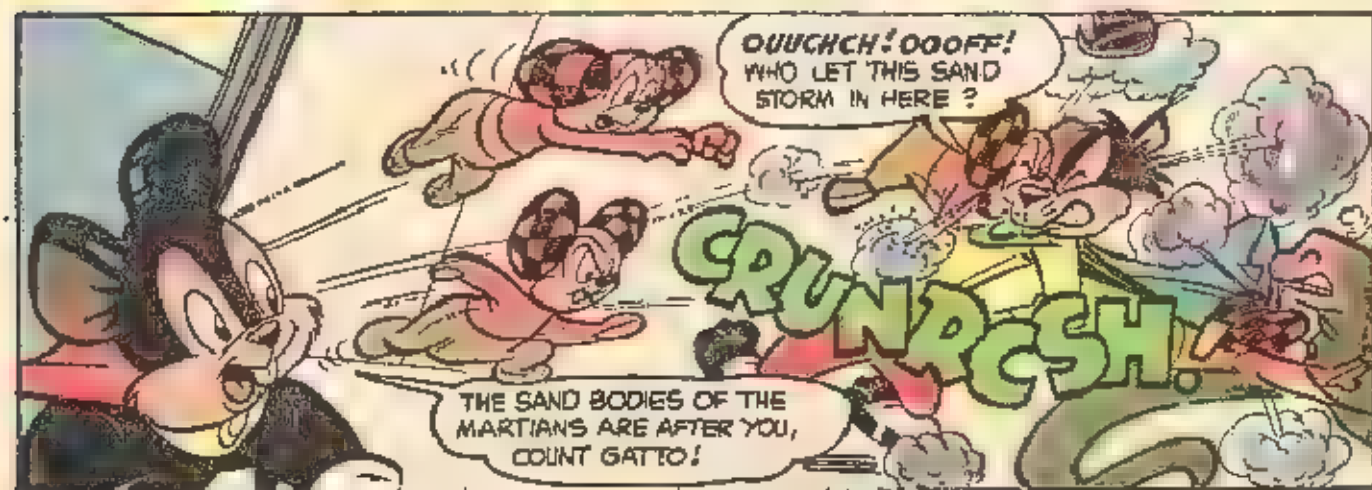
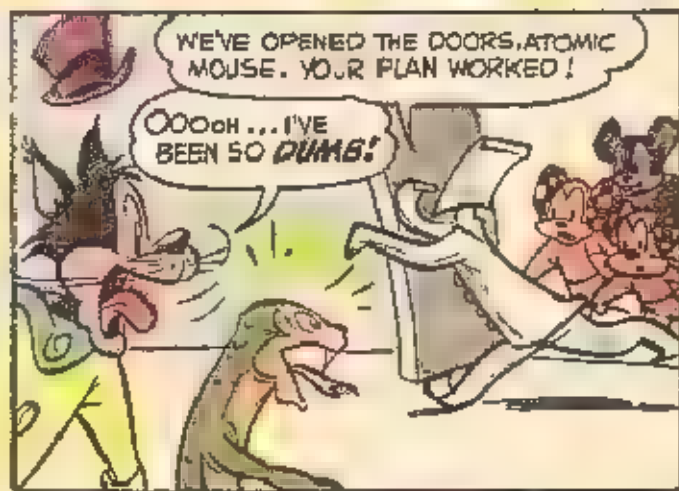
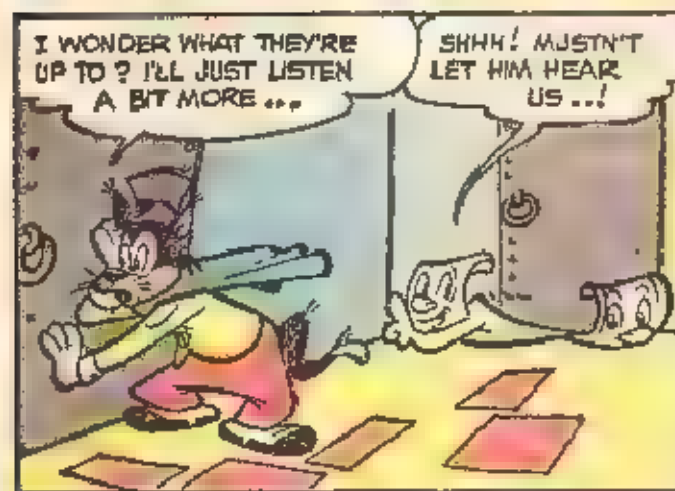
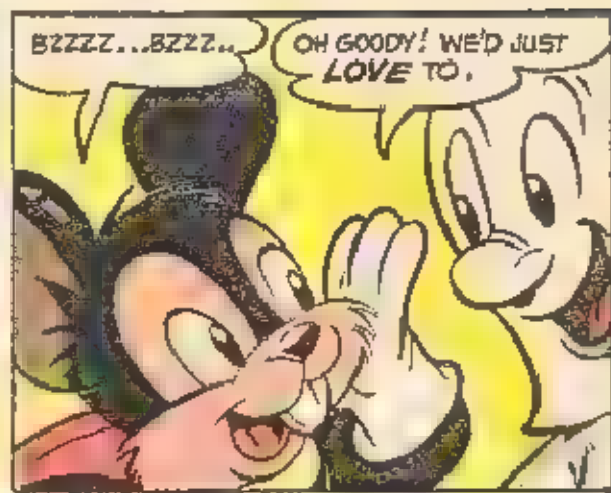


THEN PUT PLAN B INTO MOTION! SHIELD THIS ROOM WITH STEEL-PLATES! HA, HA... NO MORE COLD! TOP THAT IF YOU CAN, ATOMIC MOUSE!

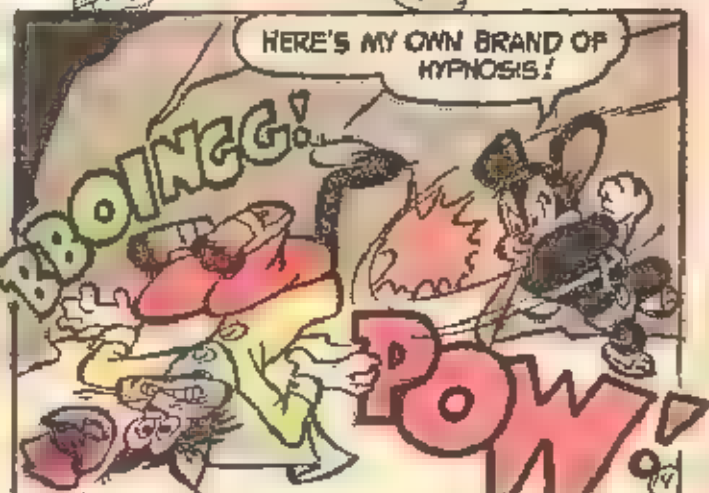
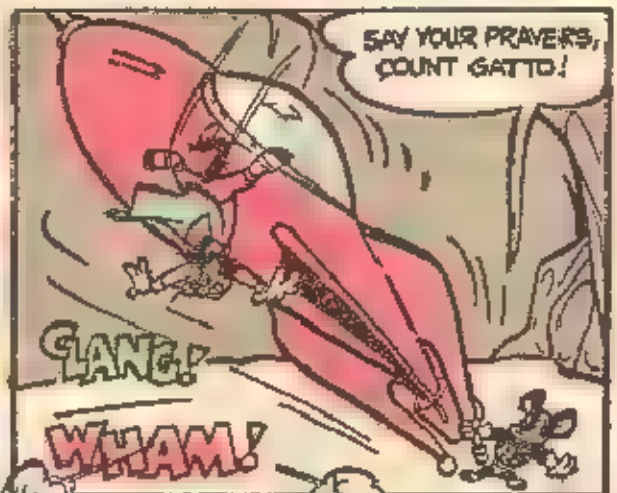
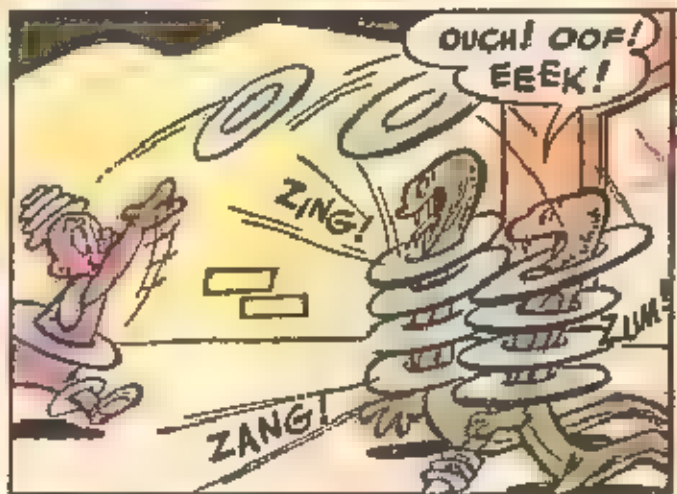
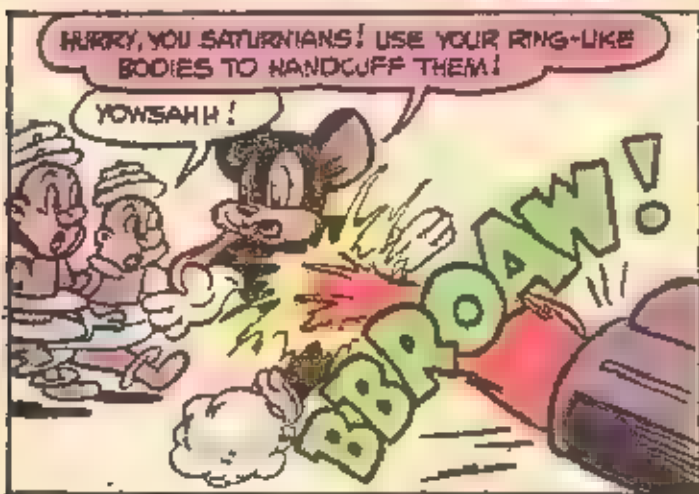
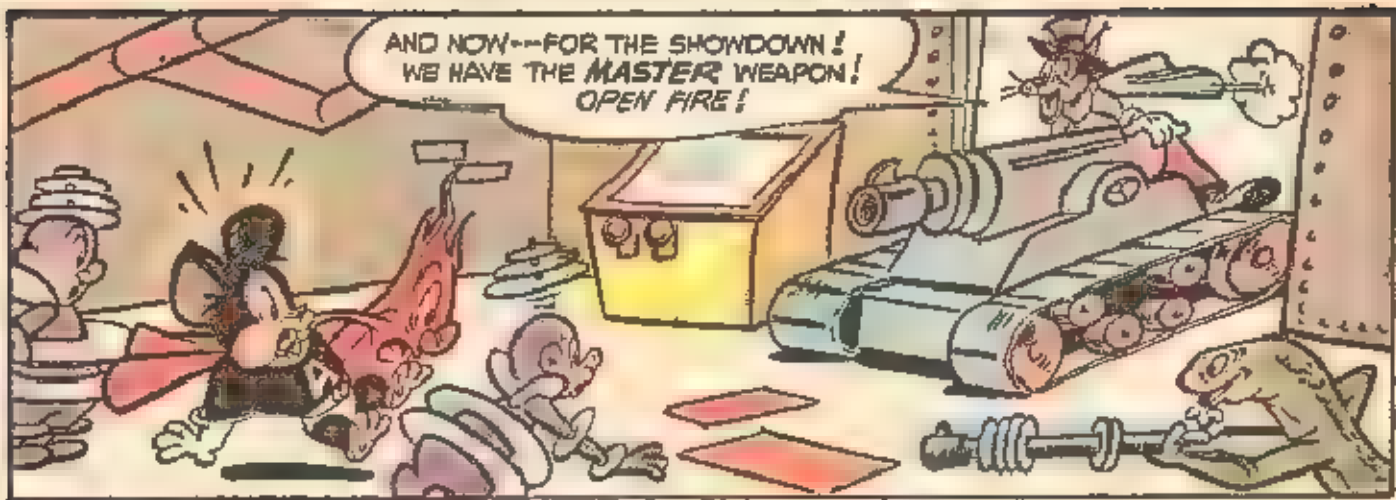
GLANNG!



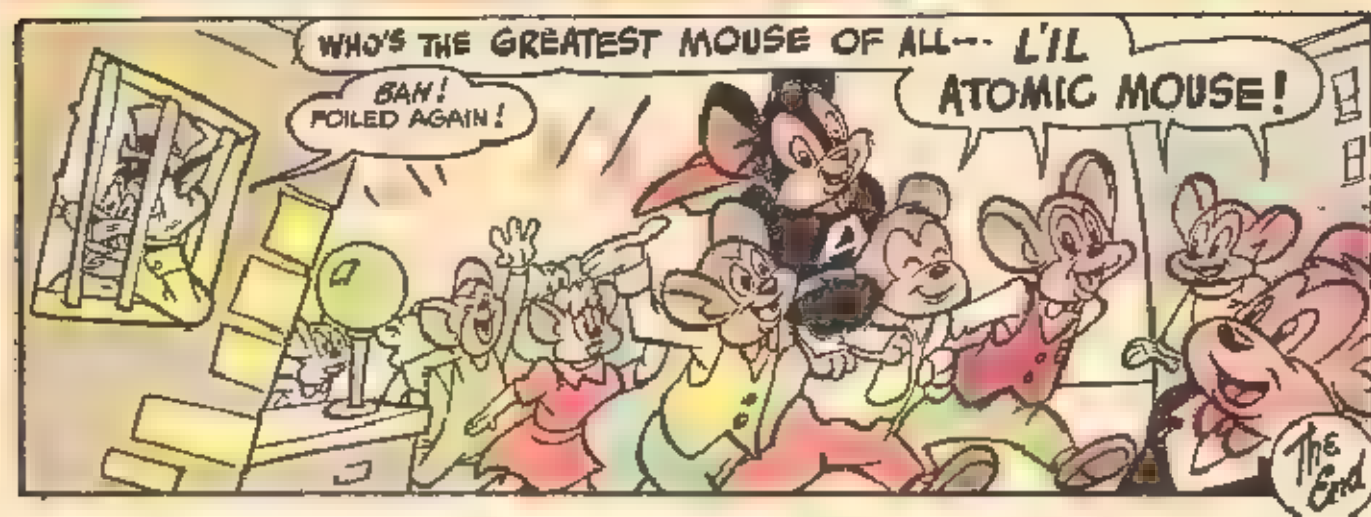
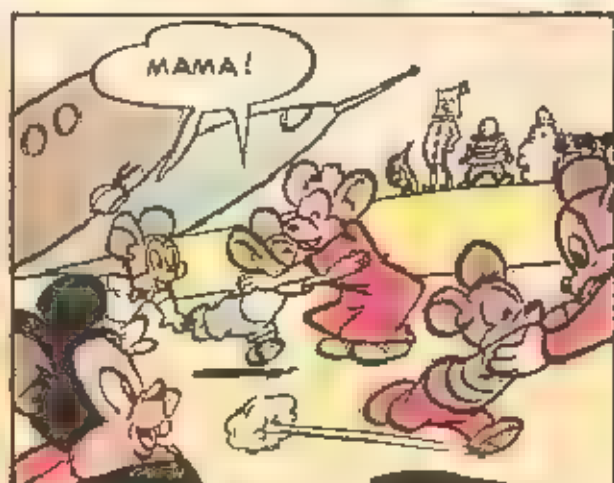
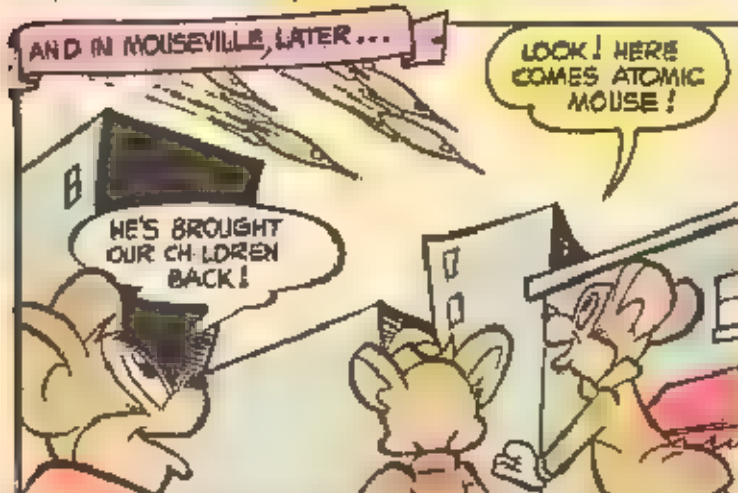
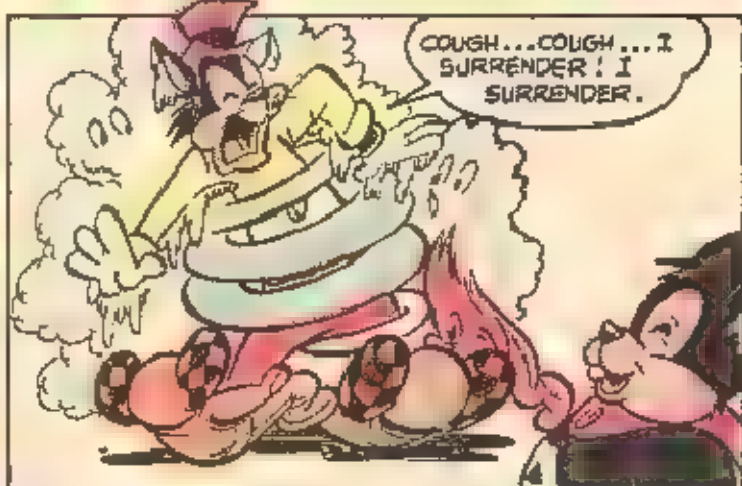
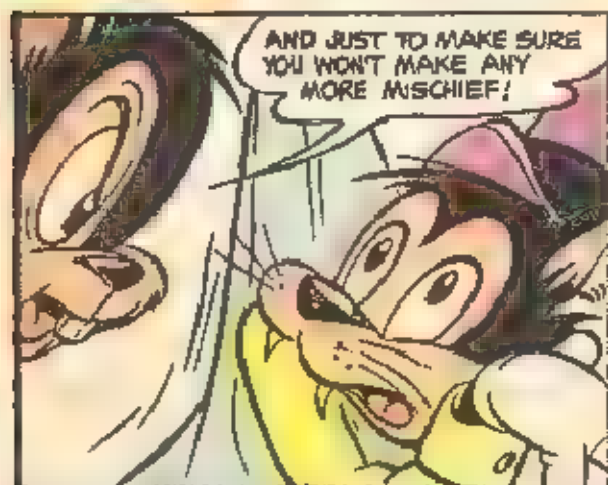
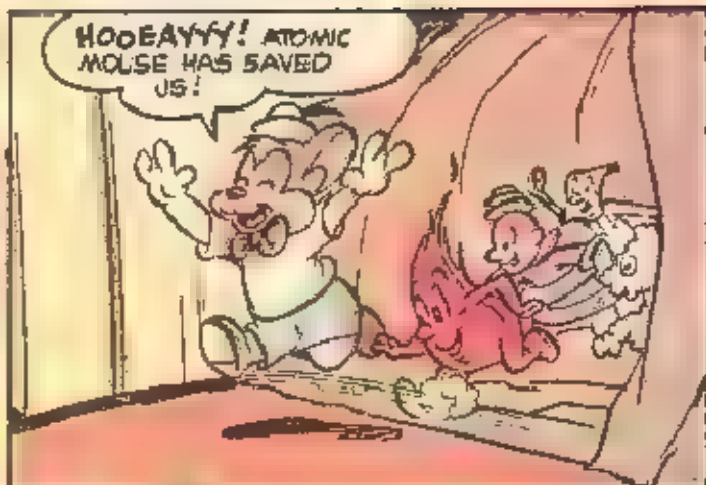
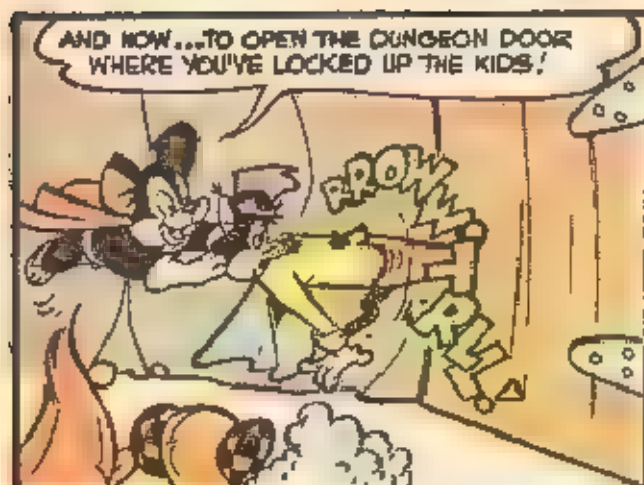
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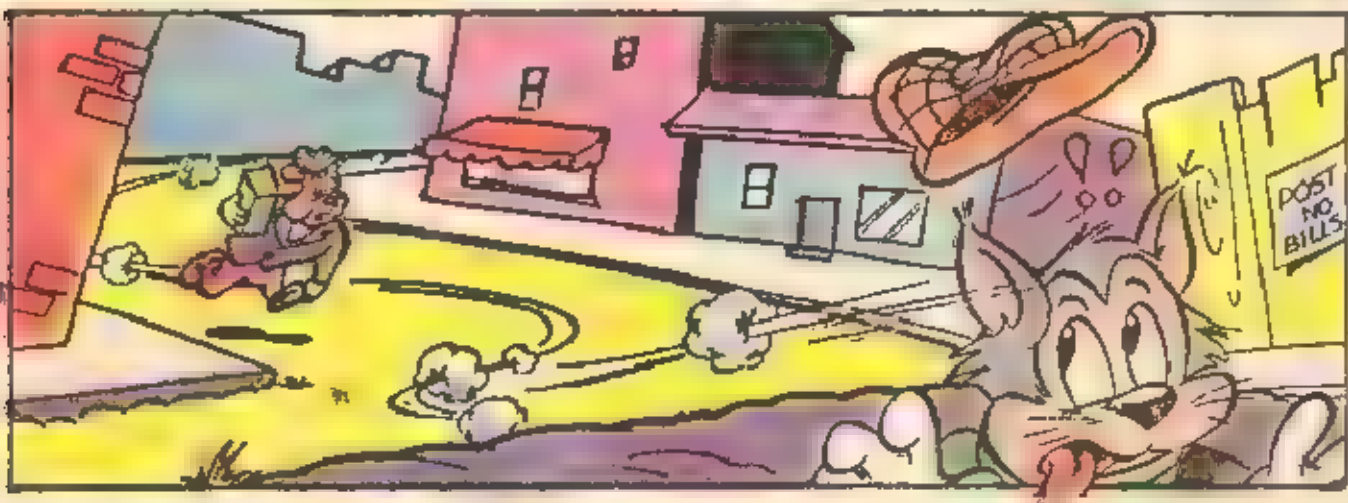
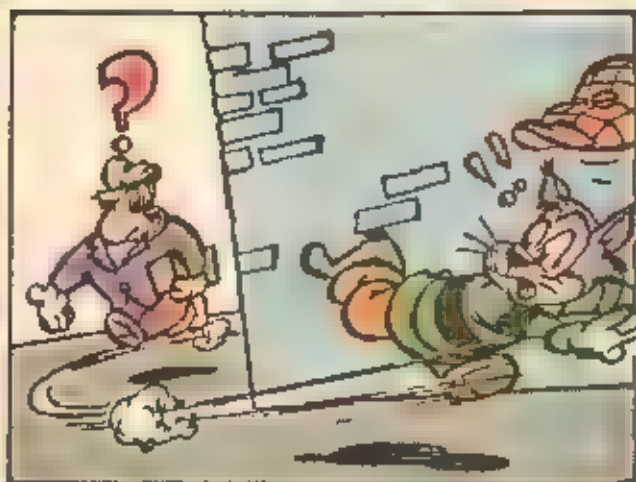
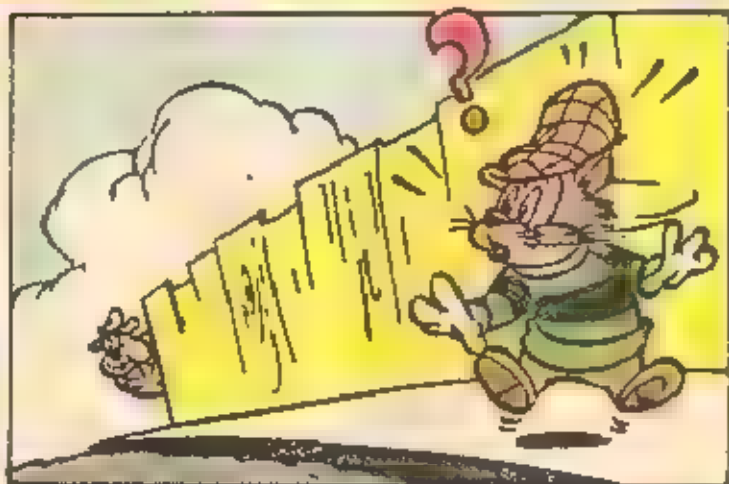
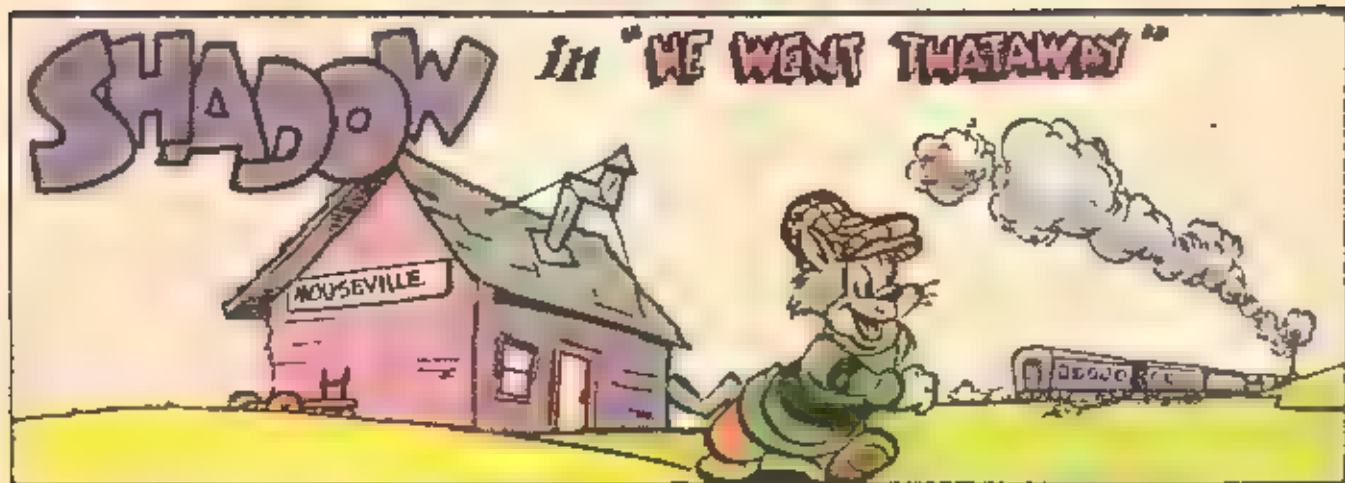


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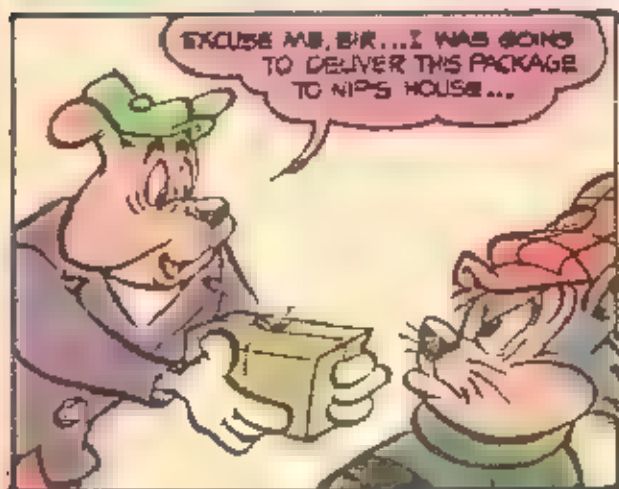
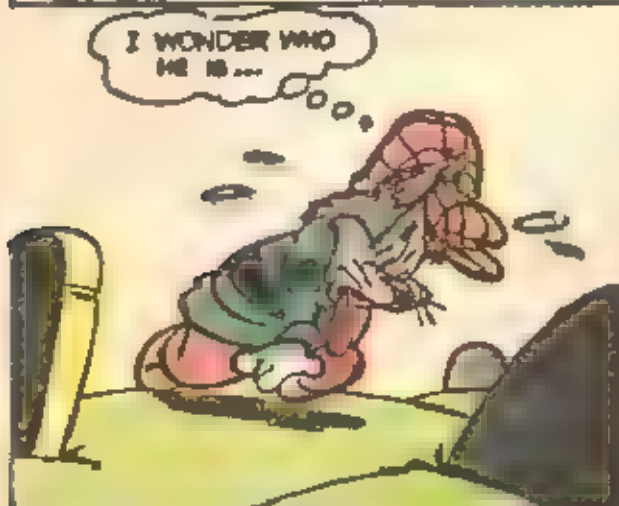


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SHADOW in "HE WENT THATAWAY"



ATOMIC MOUSE



The End

The Easter Bird

Bunty Rabbit almost leaped onto the kitchen table with excitement as he shouted to his mother, "Can I, can I, huh, huh, Mother, can I?" Mrs. Rabbit had her hands full of dishes, and narrowly missed dropping the whole pile, as Bunty yanked on her apron.

"Yes, Bunty," she said, "we'll get you some eggs to color. But Easter is still some time away. Why do you want to have the eggs so soon?"

"Because it says in the book I have that rabbits begin work on the Easter eggs loooong before Easter comes. Rabbits are to Easter what Santa Claus is to Christmas, aren't they Mom?" Bunty asked excitedly. "It says so in my book, Mom!"

"Well, Bunty," said Mrs. Rabbit with a smile, "I'll take your book's word for it." She reached into the cupboard back along the top shelf and withdrew a small green saucer containing three small blue eggs. They looked very small.

"What're those—pills?" he asked. For a minute he looked afraid his mother would ask him to swallow them.

"Now, Bunty, these are eggs! Mrs. Robin had some extras this month, so I put them aside. Won't they do?" Mrs. Rabbit asked.

"Aw, those aren't what Easter eggs should be," Bunty moaned. "They're too small, and besides, they're colored blue already. What I'd really honest-to-Easter like is a great big egg, Mom!"

Just at this instant, Bunty's father hopped through the door and did a pivot on his carrot cane toward the steam stew pot in the fireplace. He quickly lifted the lid, sniffed, and smiled.

"I thought I heard someone mention eggs for dinner. Hmhf. Glad to see we're having good old lettuce stew. Yes, Sir!"

"We were talking about Easter eggs, Pop," said Bunty.

"Well now, Bunty," said Pop, "that's one of my favorite subjects. Next to sleeping and lettuce stew, why I guess I like Easter eggs best."

"Really?" Bunty reeled.

Mrs. Rabbit detected that Pop was going to begin some tall story-telling. She prevented him from going out on a limb (and from laying an egg) by saying, "Bunty is interested

in finding some Easter eggs. Some big ones. Now."

"Uh — now?" asked Pop. At the moment the lettuce stew seemed more appealing.

"Yeah, Pop," chirped Bunty, grabbing his Pop by the hand and dragging him toward the door. "This will be keent! You must know all about where to find eggs and everything. Let's go!"

Pop soon got the spirit of the true egg hunter, even though he did take one last sniff at the lettuce stew as he hopped out the door with Bunty in hand. "All right, Bunty, leave us leap!" was his remark.

"You're a good egg, Pop!" Mother Rabbit heard Bunty say as they hopped away.

"That sounds like a yoke, Bunty!" was Pop's reply.

Within five minutes Pop and Bunty were by the edge of the brook that runs through Happy Forest.

"But are you sure you can find Easter eggs here, Pop?" Bunty asked. "I never heard of finding Easter eggs by a swampy brook!"

With his nose close to the ground, Pop snorted a reply. "You just keep calm there, Bunty, and I'll have you a mess of eggs in no time!"

And Pop was true to his word. Within a minute he let out a yell that brought Bunty running to his side. The pair looked down at about 35 of the — smallest eggs Bunty had ever seen. They were even smaller than the eggs from Mrs. Robin.

"Ha hah!" Pop ha-hahed, "I told you I'd find a mess of eggs. Now you take these and we'll get home to that lettuce stew, boy!"

"But, Pop, we can't use these!" Bunty wailed.

"Why not?" asked Pop. "They look good to me!"

A faint rattle from the region of the nest of eggs was answer enough for the pair. They ran, for real, like scared rabbits. Puffing up the slope that overlooked the brook, Bunty panted, "Trouble is, Pop, they look good to Mrs. Rattlesnake, too!"

"Yes—heh heh—son, I knew those were Old Mrs. Rattlesnake's eggs all along. Just wanted to see if you were paying attention—heh heh," Pop laughed. Bunty suspected Pop of

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tall story-telling, but said nothing.

Before another hour had passed, Pop had discovered two more sets of eggs, but neither set satisfied Bunty. Turtle eggs—too soft and small. Duck eggs—still too small! Worn and warm, the pair flopped on a large rock and got their breath back. Finally, Pop said, "Tell you what I'm gonna do, son, I'll hop over to the Chickens' place and buy up a dozen eggs. Those should do, shouldn't they, boy? Meanwhile, you wait for me here on this rock."

"OK, Pop, I guess that is the best idea."

Twenty minutes later Bunty was still perched on the large white rock waiting for his father.

He stretched, yawned and thought to himself how hot it was. And then it happened. The rock shook and quivered and threatened to throw him from his perch.

By the time Pop came back with the basket of chicken eggs, the rock had stopped quivering and shaking, but Bunty had not. "Hey, Pop," he yelled, "this here rock is alive!"

"Oh, my," thought Pop. "Don't tell me my poor dear son has popped his cork at his tender age."

But Bunty insisted he had witnessed what he had said—the rock had shaken. They both took a closer investigation of the rock, and found it to be smooth, and white—and EGG-SHAPED.

"Hey, Pop, this ain't no rock at all, it's an egg!" Bunty shouted. "It's the biggest dang Easter egg in the world, I'll bet."

The basket of chicken eggs had to be left as an amazed Pop and a pleased Bunty rolled the sure-enough egg down to the square in Happy Forest. Soon all the inhabitants from a mile and a half around were walking around the egg.

"What kinda aig you s'pose that kin be?," asked Billy Beaver with a scratch of the head.

"There's only ONE way to find out," said Henrietta, the old hen, "and that's to hatch it." Without further talk she fluttered to the top of the egg and sat here like a weather-vane on a two-story house. "But I'll need some help to hatch this egg, so don't any of you go away," she shouted down from her perch.

While they all crowded around (there was the Beaver family, the Squirrel family and all the Rabbit family to help hatch it with their warm fur) the large egg to warm it, they talk-

ed it over. In thirty minutes they were still crowding it, and doubting that they even had an egg, when "CRACK!" went the egg.

Out of the egg came a long, gangling neck with a small fuzzy beaked head attached. "Gee, Henrietta," squeaked Billy Beaver, "look what you're the mother of. It must be a giraffel!"

"Not me!" shouted Henrietta. "You all helped. Everyone is the mother!" It was clear she didn't want to claim this strange creature.

"It can't be no mother," Bunty bounced back, "I'm a fella!"

The strange creature stepped out of the shell awkwardly and looked around. He was supported by a pair of long awkward legs, and his body was like a round ball of black fur from which a white tuft of feathers emerged.

"Hey," chirped Bunty, "now I can't color that egg for Easter. Instead of a egg I—WE—got a new kind of critter for Happy Forest—but what kind?"

"I dunno," said Pop Rabbit. "I never saw the likes before. Maybe he's a duck."

"Now, he ain't no duck," spoke up Sam the Squirrel. "His neck's too long. Maybe he's a swan. Maybe even HE'S A SHE. I dunno. Let's throw it in the pond and see if it swims like a swan."

With its head and long neck poking up from underneath the water, it didn't look like a swan, they decided. "Maybe it's a submarine," Bunty offered, "it's got a periscope."

Even asking it didn't help, because the strange creature didn't know. Finally they called on Old Oscar Owl, who brought out an old book and looked it up. "This here critter," said Old Oscar, "is an ostrich!" This pleased the bird, which was beginning to wonder and worry. But it all saddened Bunty.

"I can't color no ostrich for Easter," he moaned. "I liked the critter better back in the egg!" And just when things looked blackest, Pop came up with the best idea of all.

"You could make a good Easter basket from some of those feathers, though!" said Pop.

"And a new hat for Mommy!" Bunty yelled with glee! And that they did—for one of the happiest, most colorful Easters Happy Forest had ever seen!

The End

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 21, 1918, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 1, 1934 (TITLE 28, United States Code, Sections 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000)

1. The name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager.

Publisher: Edward Levy, New Haven, Conn.
Editor and Managing Editor: Burton M. Levy, Orange, Conn.
Business Manager: Joan Kesteven, New Haven, Conn.

2. The owner is (1) owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent of more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.

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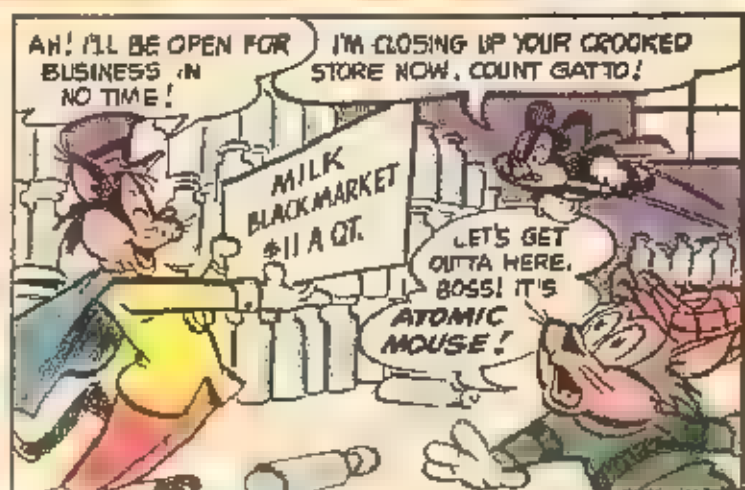
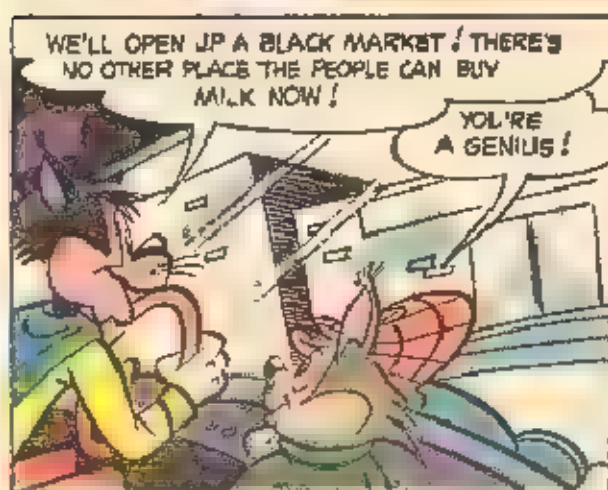
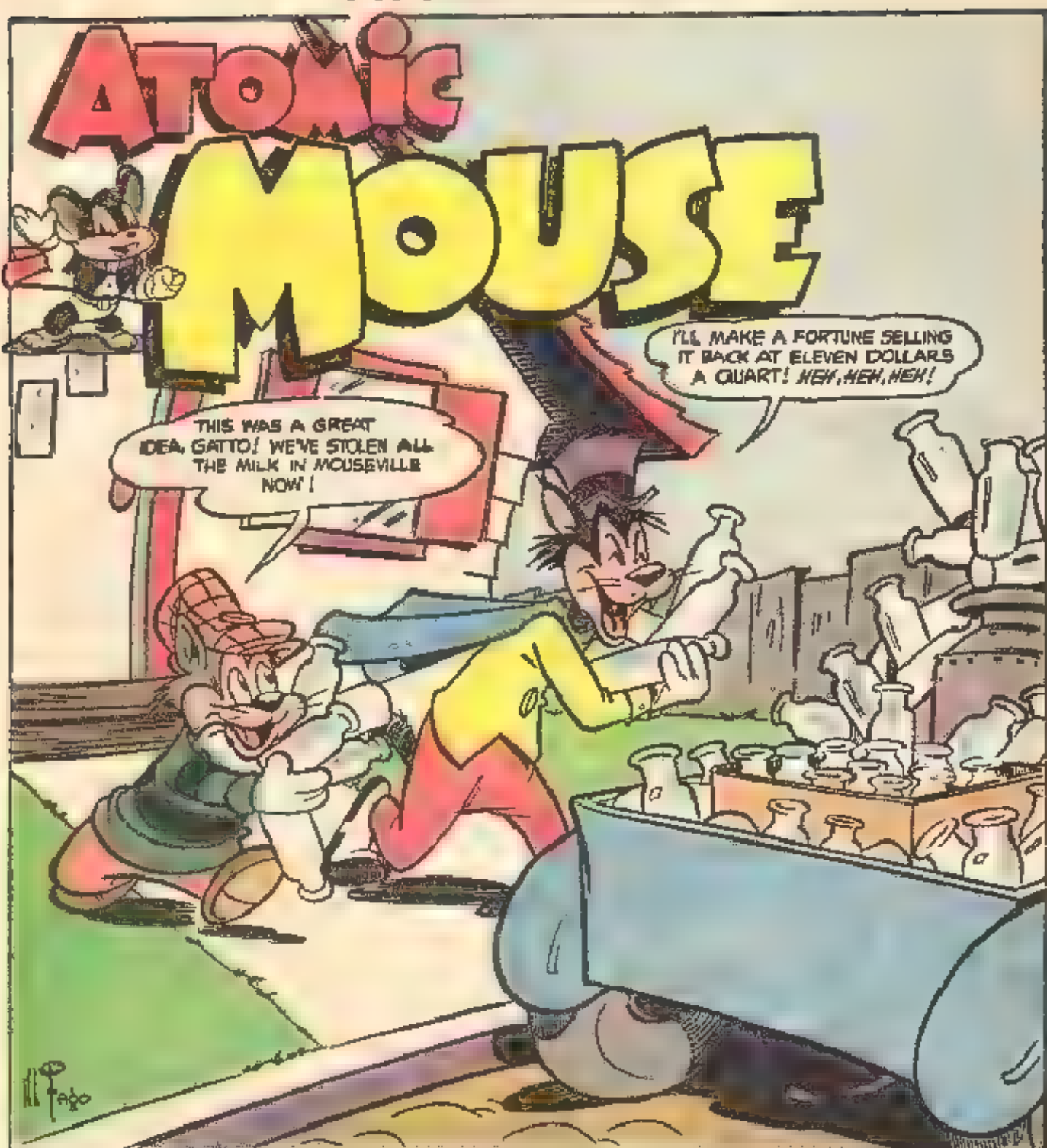
None.

4. Paragraphs 3 and 4 include to whom there the stockholder or security holder to whom the bonds of the company are issued or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such stock is so held, and the statement in the two paragraphs above the affidavit of the stockholder and of the corporation and additional under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as stock or security holders is a security holder.

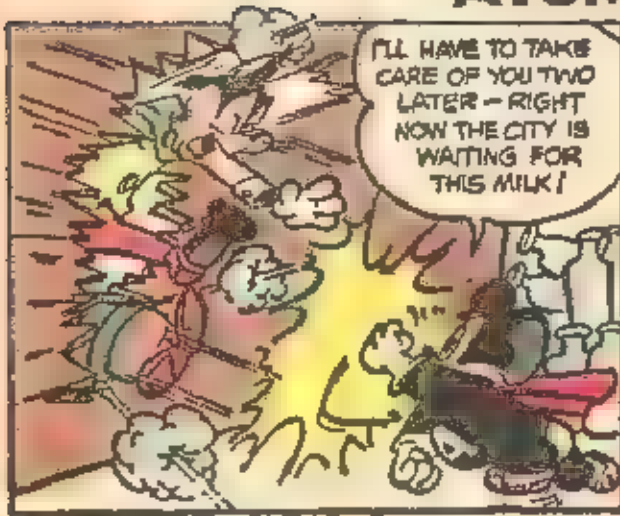
BURTON M. LEVY, Editor
Signed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1954.
My Comm. Expires April 1, 1957.

(SEAL)

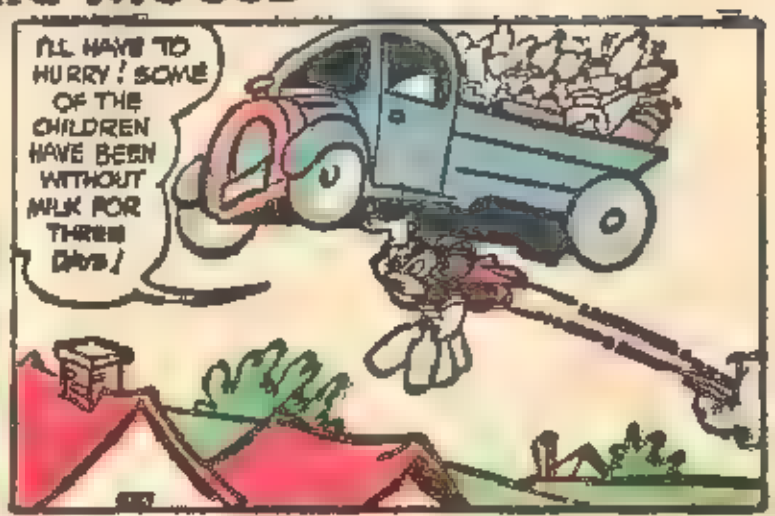
ATOMIC MOUSE



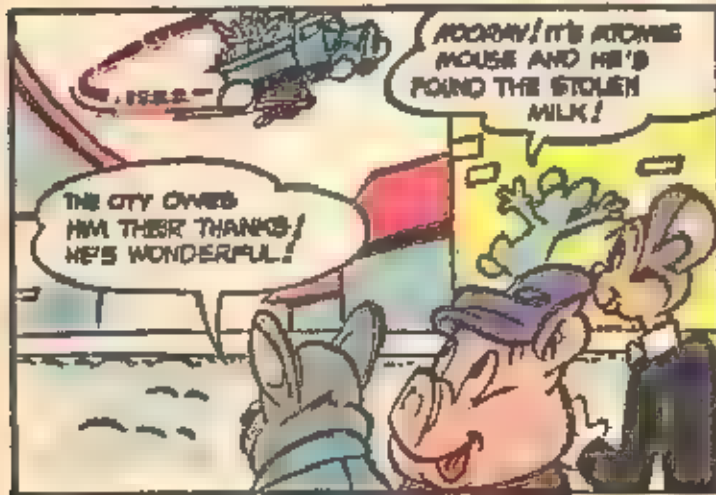
ATOMIC MOUSE



I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO LATER - RIGHT NOW THE CITY IS WAITING FOR THIS MILK!

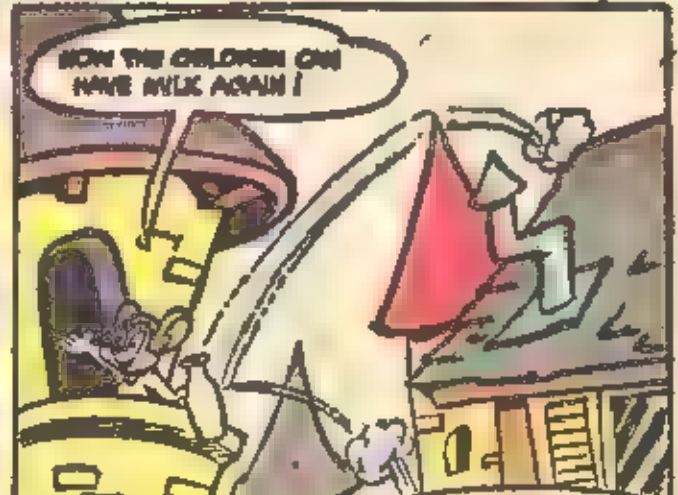


I'LL HAVE TO HURRY! SOME OF THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN WITHOUT MILK FOR THREE DAYS!

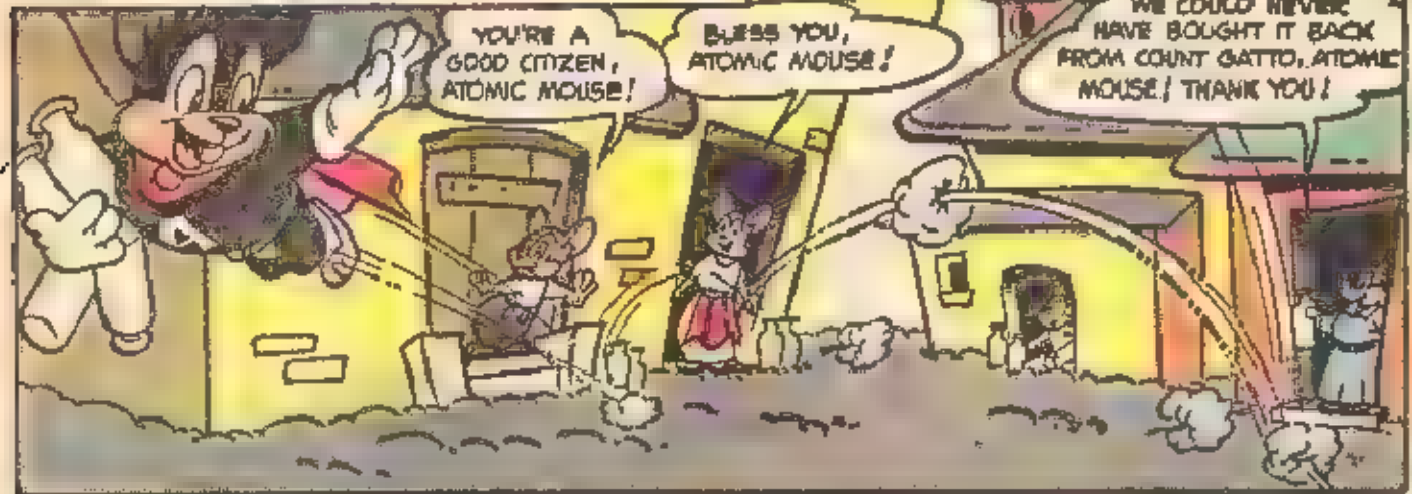


THE CITY OWES HIM THEIR THANKS! HE'S WONDERFUL!

WOAH! IT'S ATOMIC MOUSE AND HE'S FOUND THE STOLEN MILK!



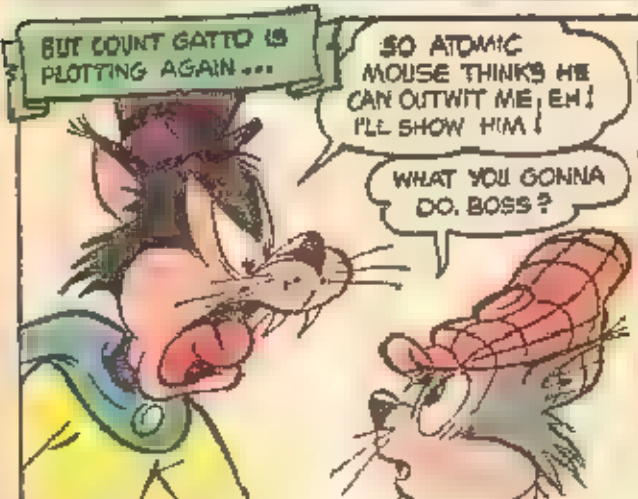
NOW THE CHILDREN CAN HAVE MILK AGAIN!



YOU'RE A GOOD CITIZEN, ATOMIC MOUSE!

BLESS YOU, ATOMIC MOUSE!

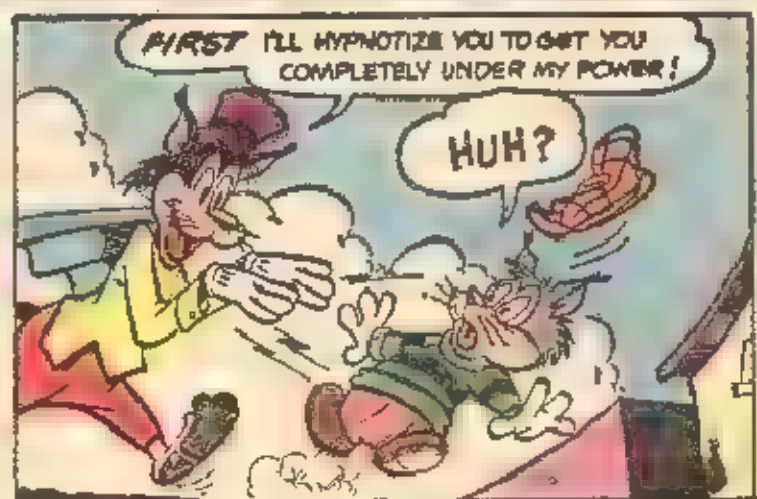
WE COULD NEVER HAVE BOUGHT IT BACK FROM COUNT GATTO, ATOMIC MOUSE! THANK YOU!



BUT COUNT GATTO IS PLOTTING AGAIN...

SO ATOMIC MOUSE THINKS HE CAN OUTWIT ME, EH! I'LL SHOW HIM!

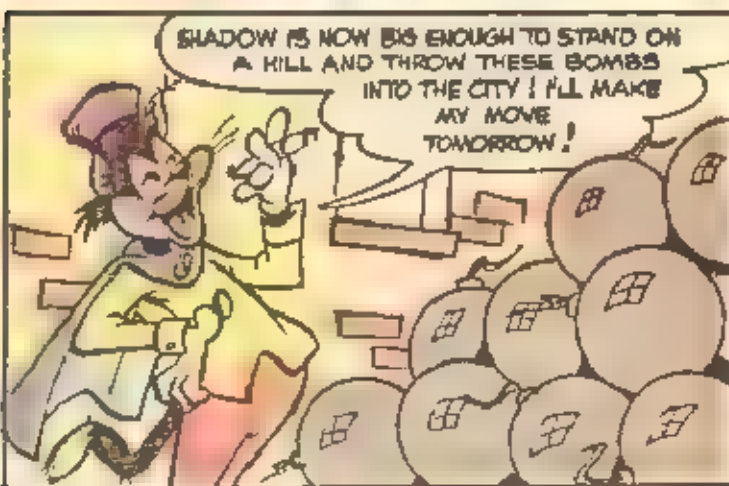
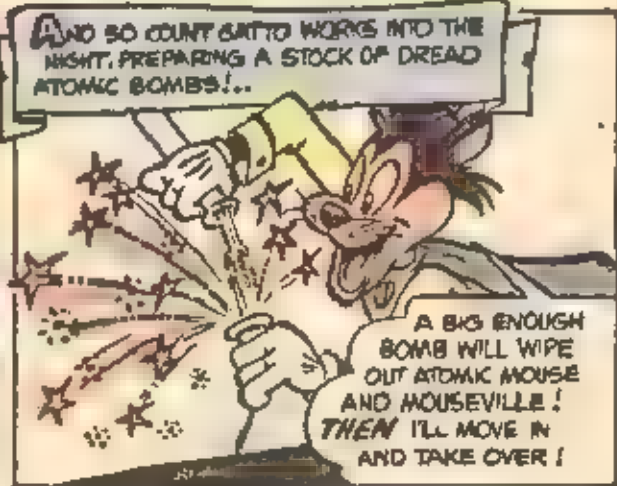
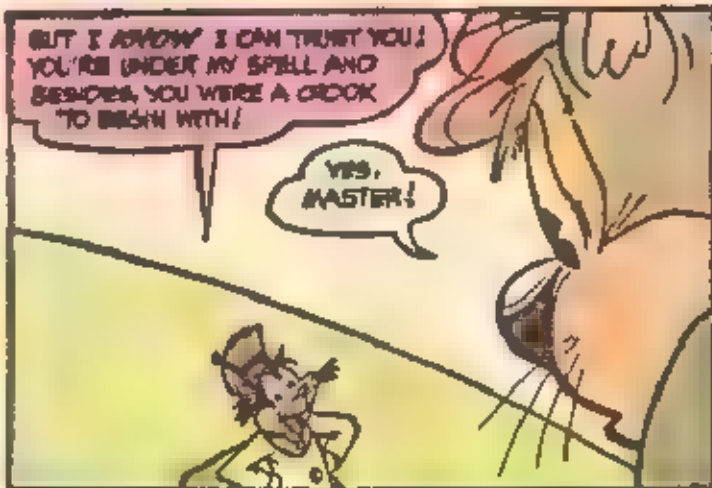
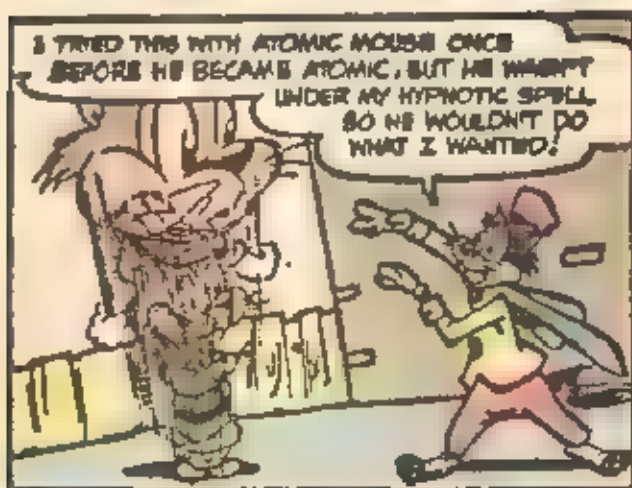
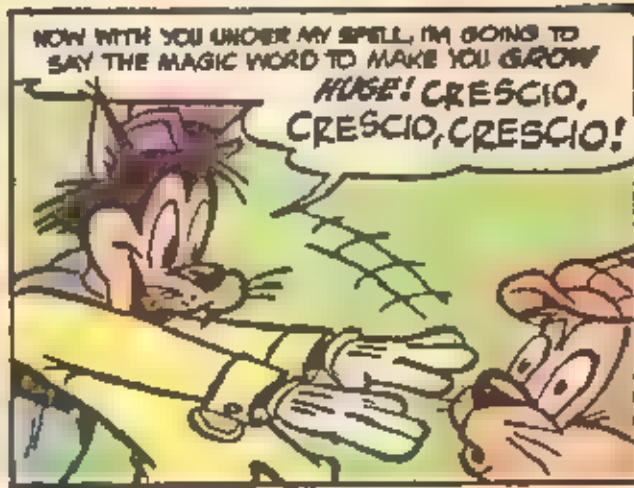
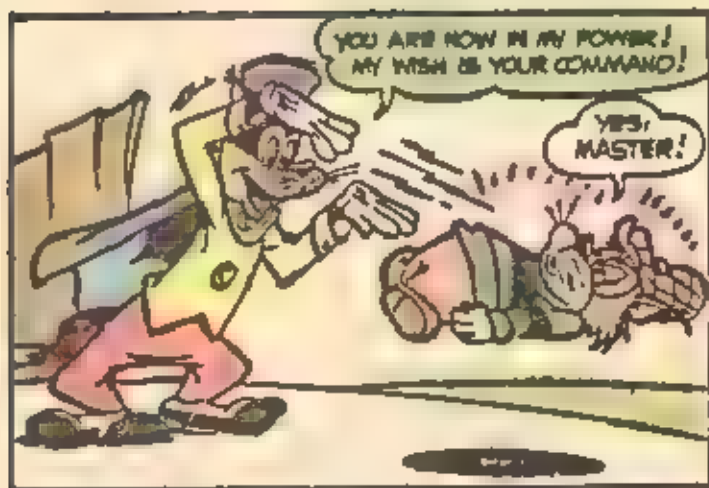
WHAT YOU GONNA DO, BOSS?



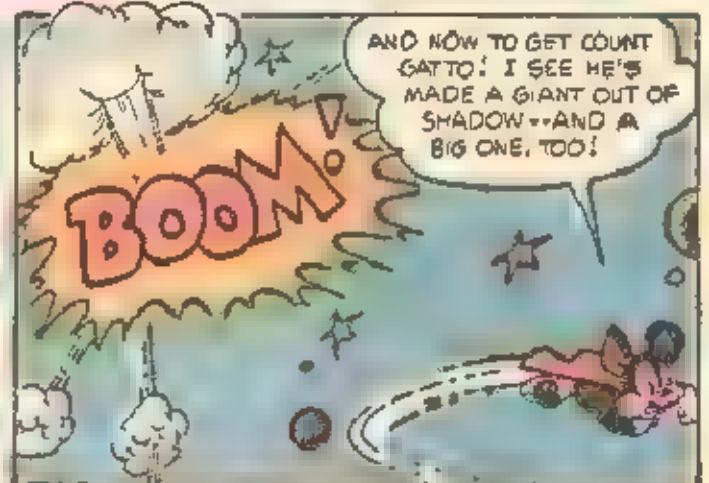
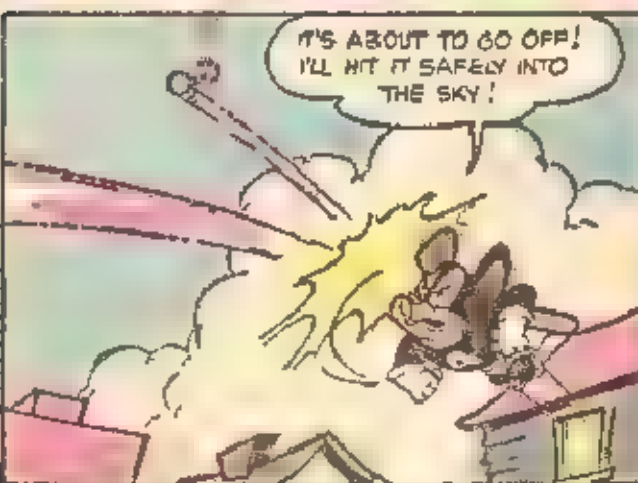
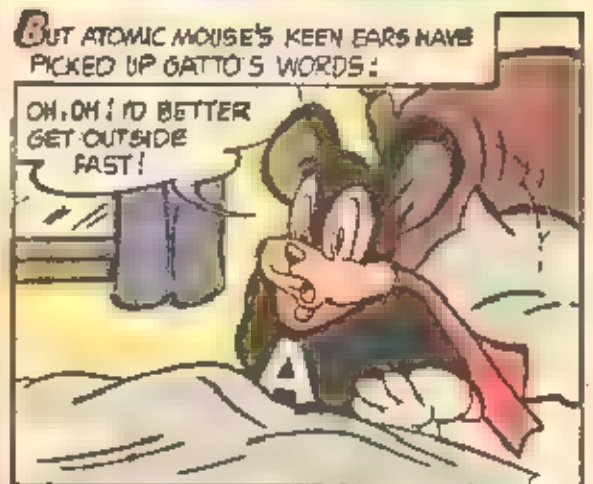
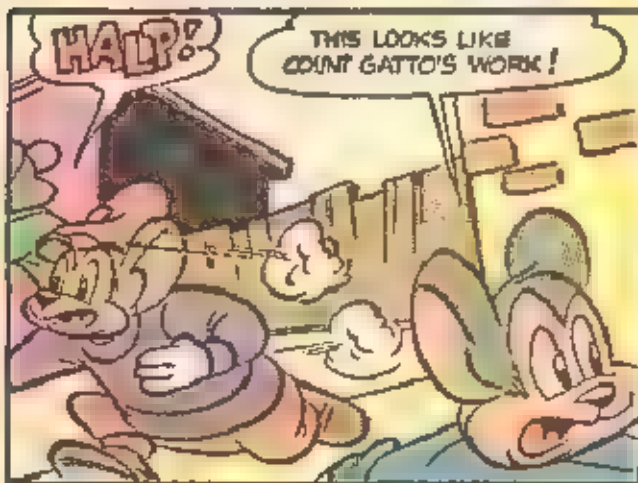
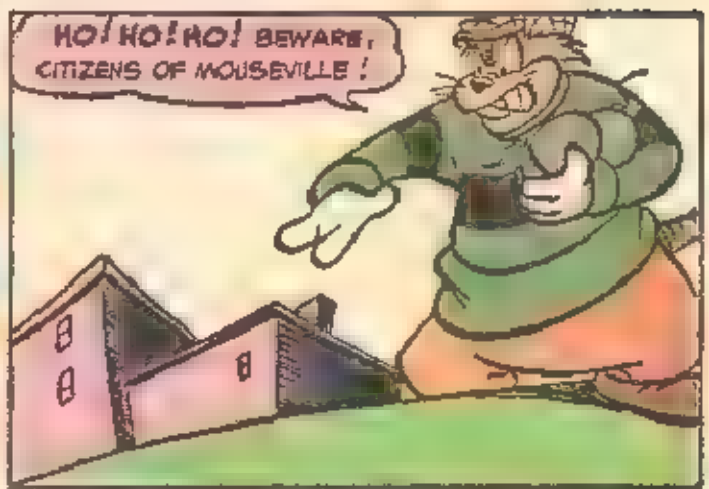
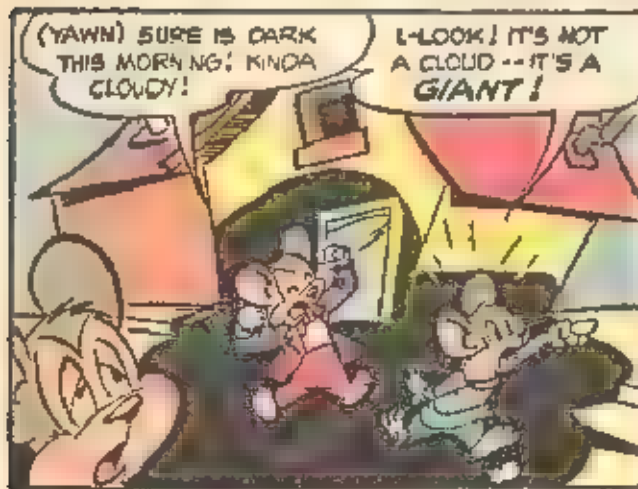
FIRST I'LL HYPNOTIZE YOU TO GET YOU COMPLETELY UNDER MY POWER!

HUH?

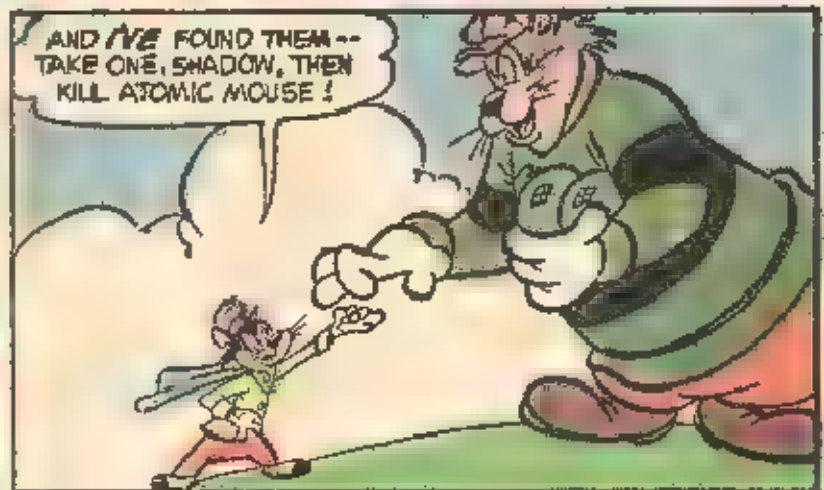
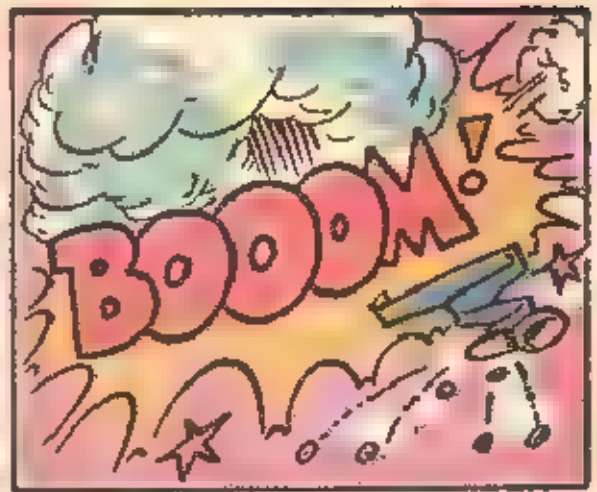
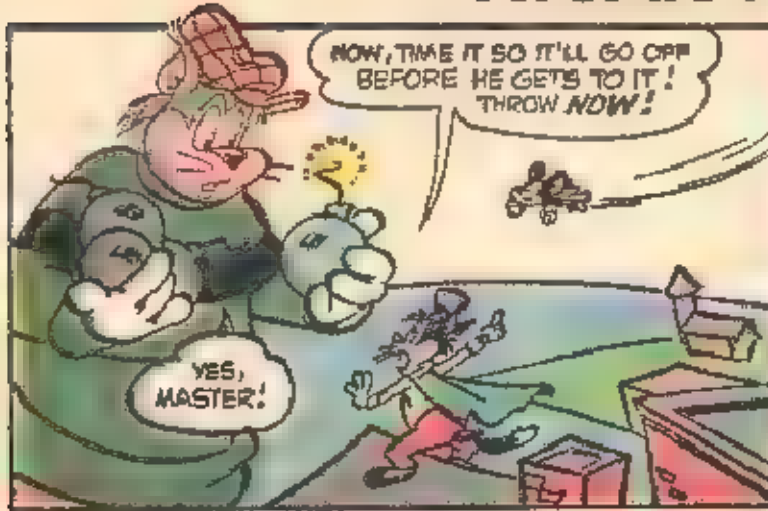
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



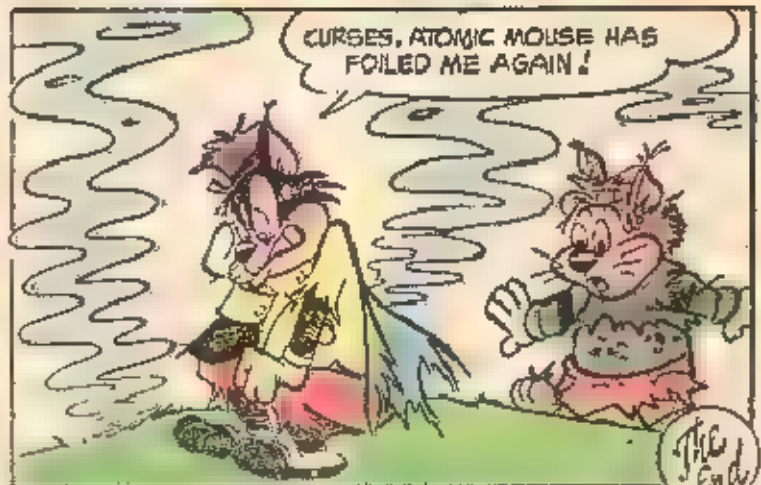
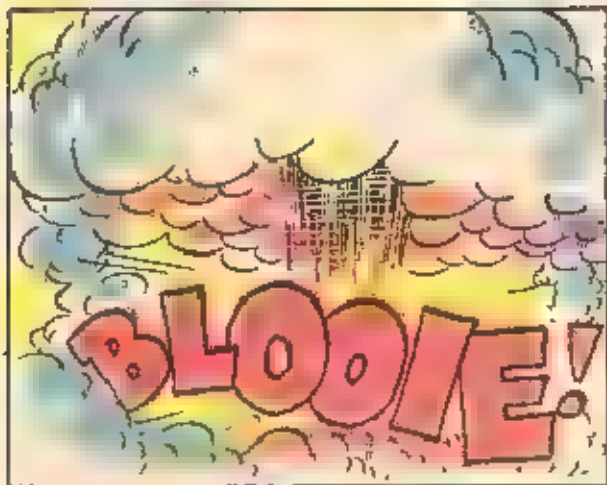
ATOMIC MOUSE



AND THE FIGHT IS ON BETWEEN THE ATOMIC-POWERED PAIR -- WILL THE LACK OF PILLS DO ATOMIC MOUSE IN?

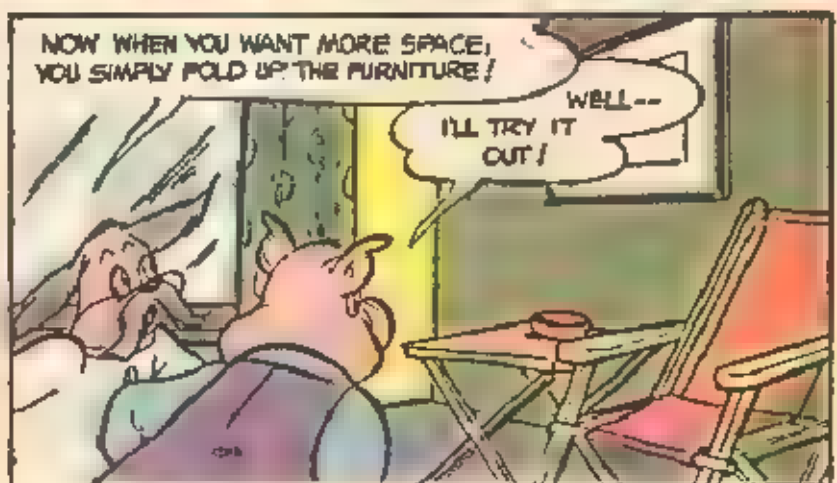
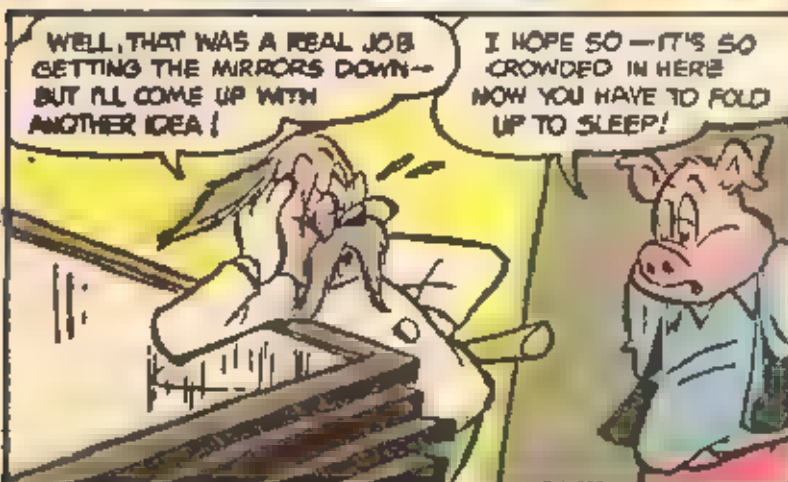
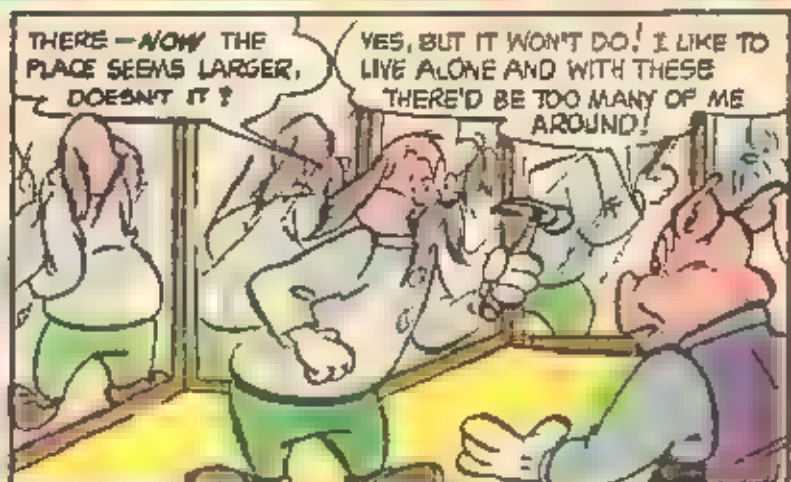
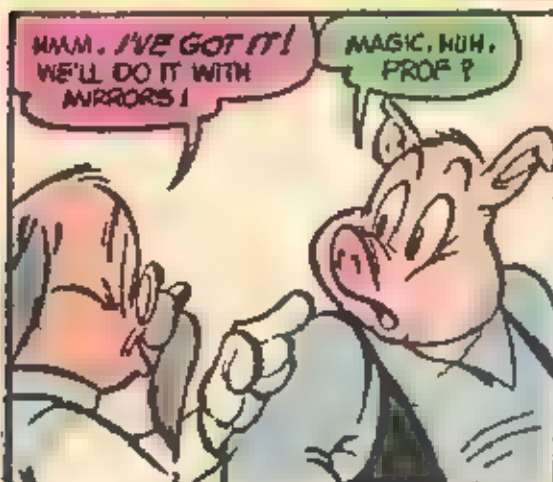


YOU SEE, COUNT GATTO, THAT A-BOMB BLAST GAVE ME JUST THE AMOUNT OF U-235 I NEEDED TO BEAT SHADOW! I LIVE ON ATOMIC ENERGY! LET SHADOW REST -- THAT U-235 IS DANGEROUS!

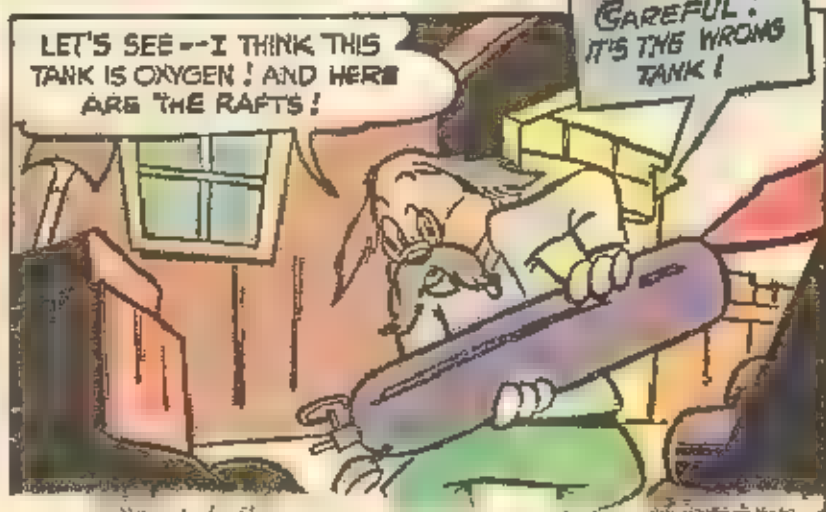
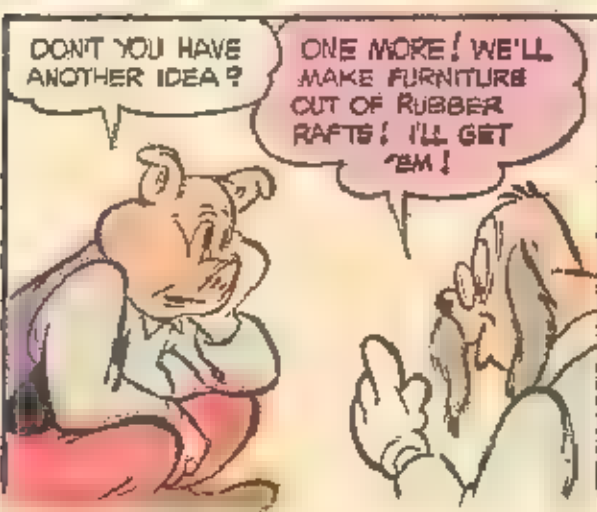
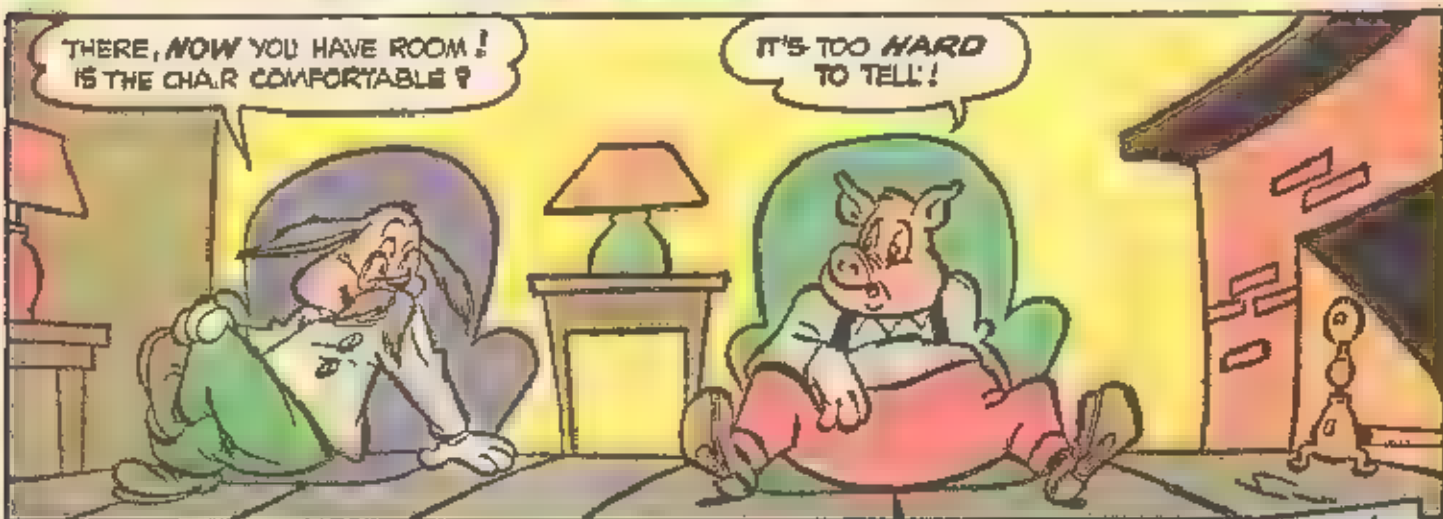
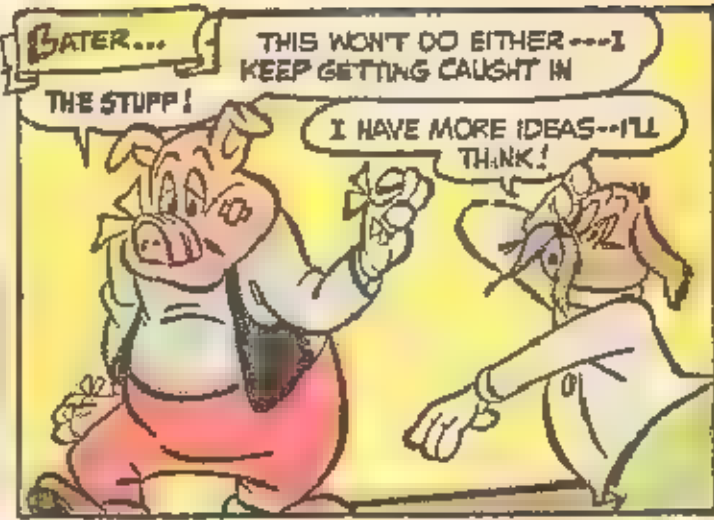
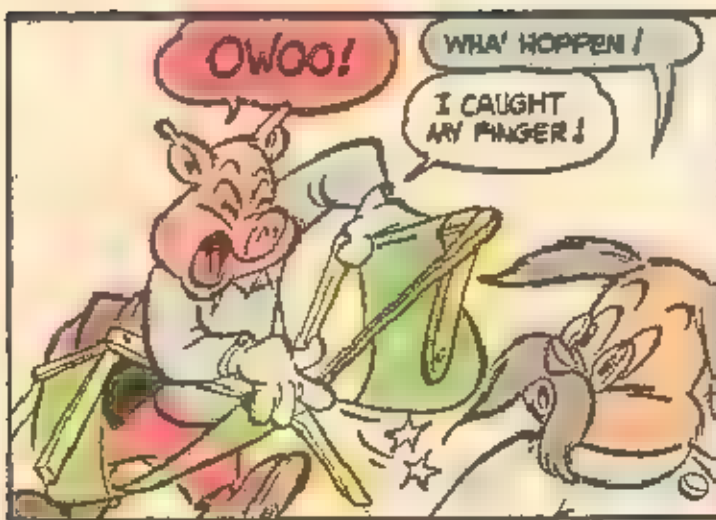


The End

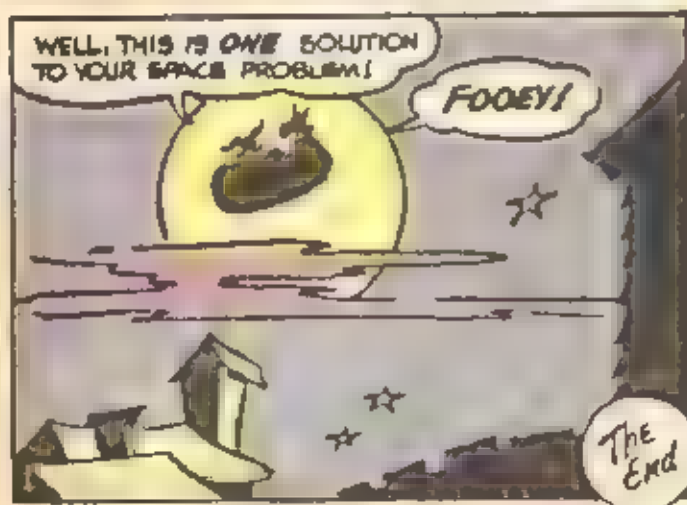
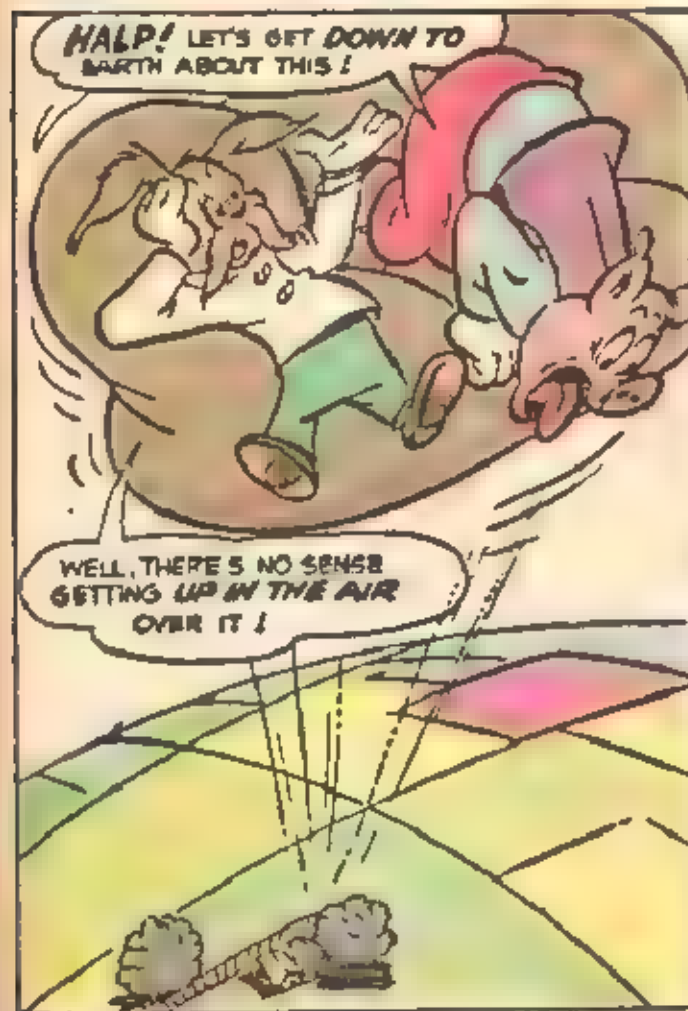
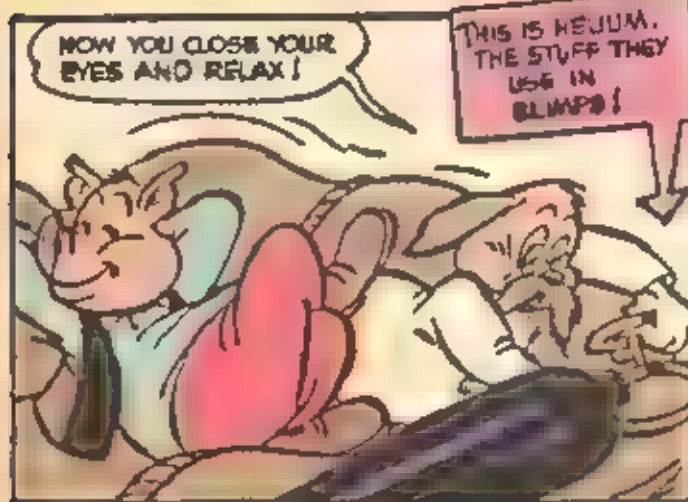
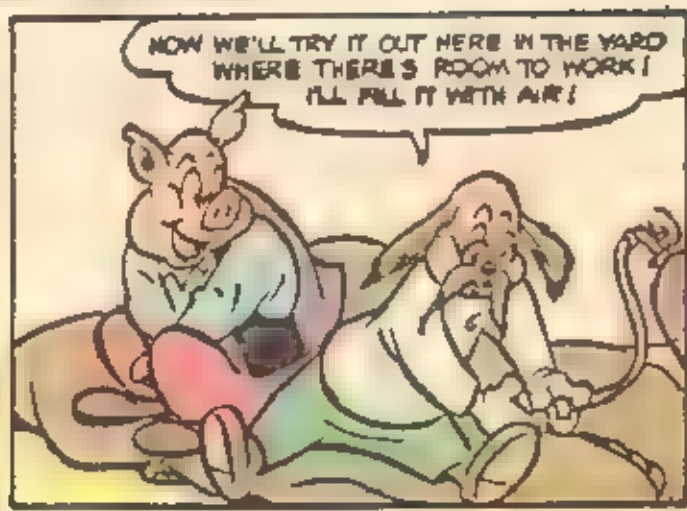
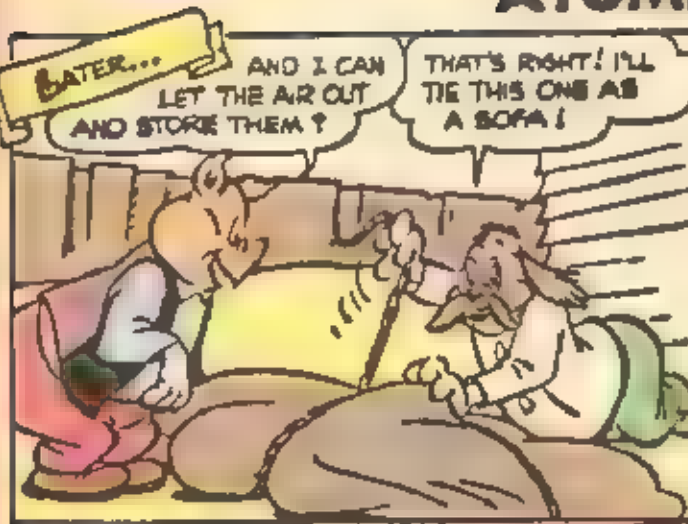
ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE

COUNT GATTO

IN
WHO WON?

OBOY! THAT'S
FOR ME!

GALA SPORTS
FESTIVAL
WIN BIG PRIZES
EVENTS
HURDLE RACE
HIGH JUMP
WEIGHT THROWING

YOU COULDN'T
WIN
ANYTHING!

OH, YEAH! WELL, I'LL SHOW
YOU...COME ALONG!

SLAP!

CAN'T WIN ANYTHING...
HUH? I'LL SHOW
HIM!

LOCKERS

LATER...

NOTHING CAN COMPARE
WITH THE HURDLES
FOR SHEER GRACE...

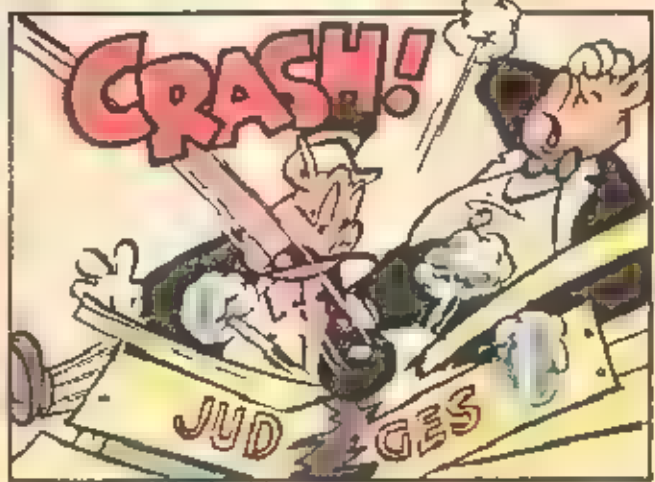
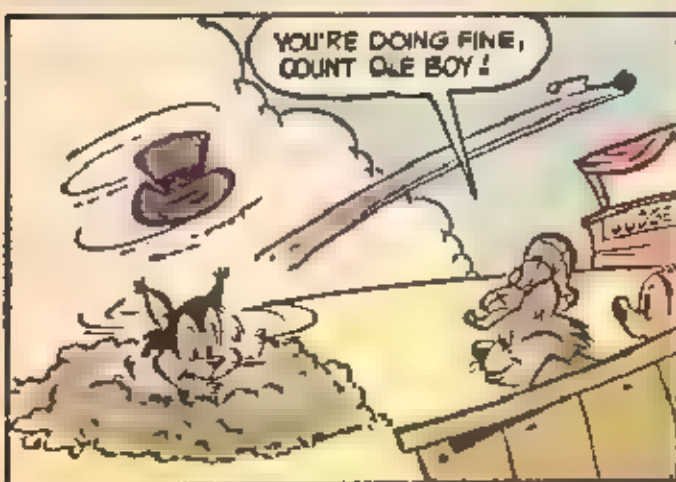
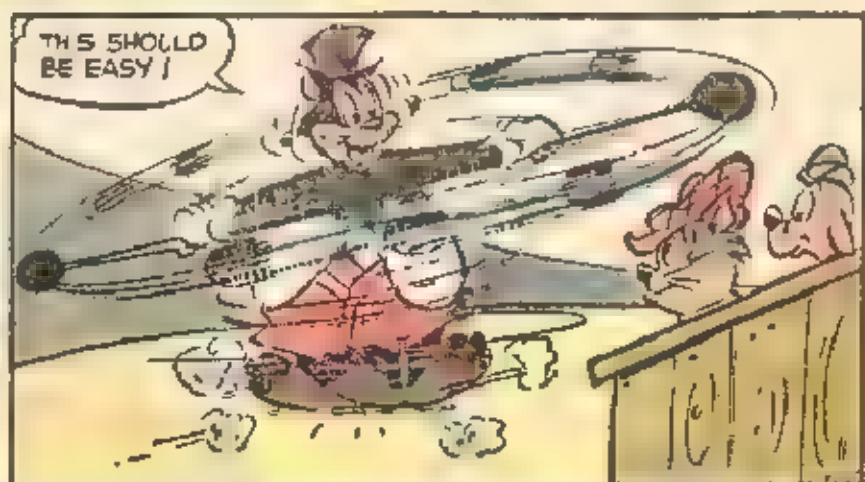
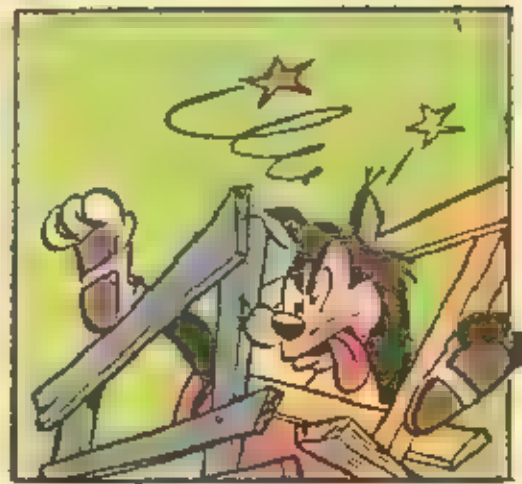
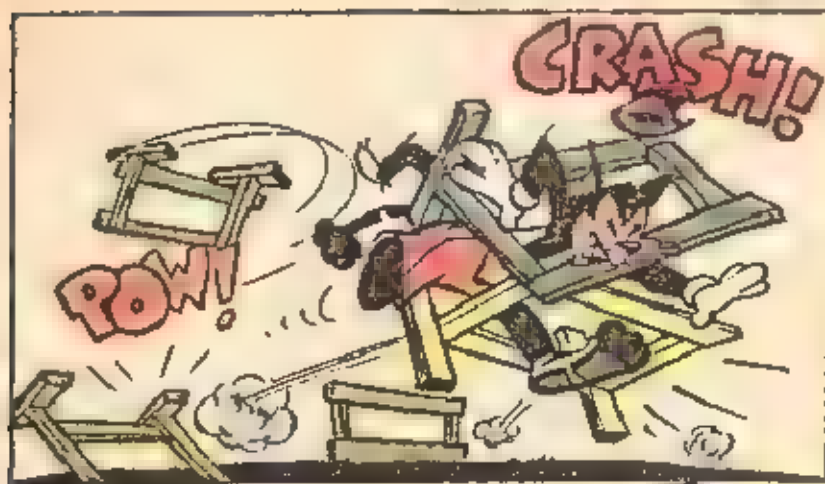
ON YOUR MARK...
GET SET...

GO!!

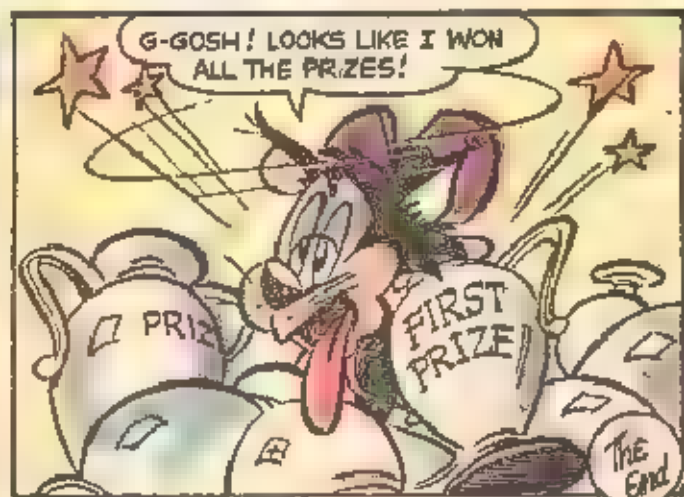
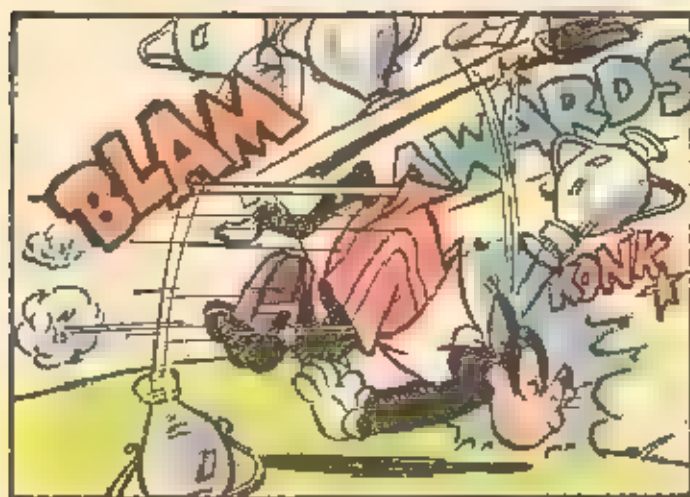
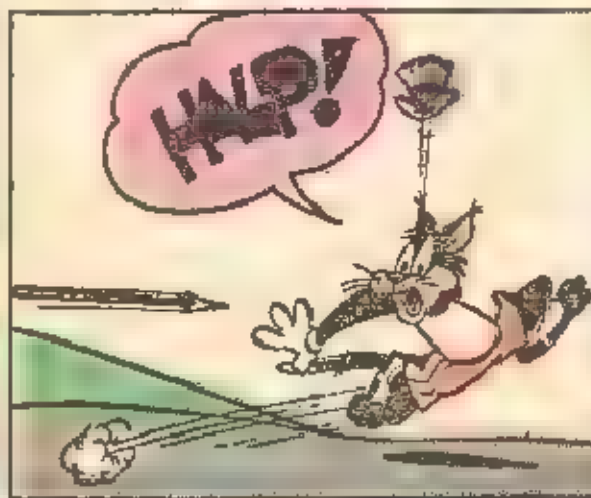
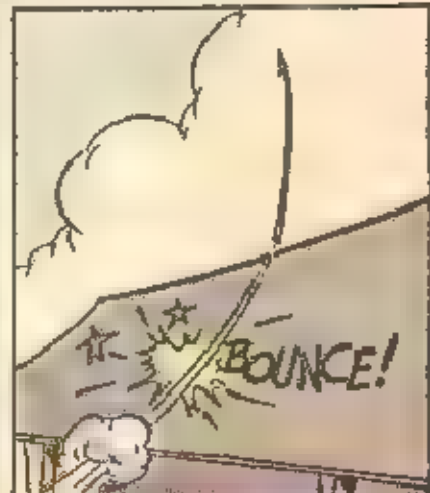
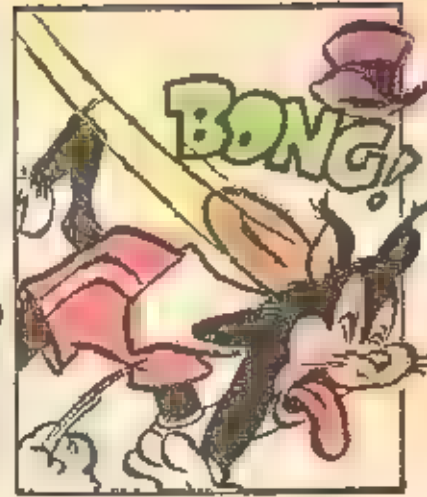
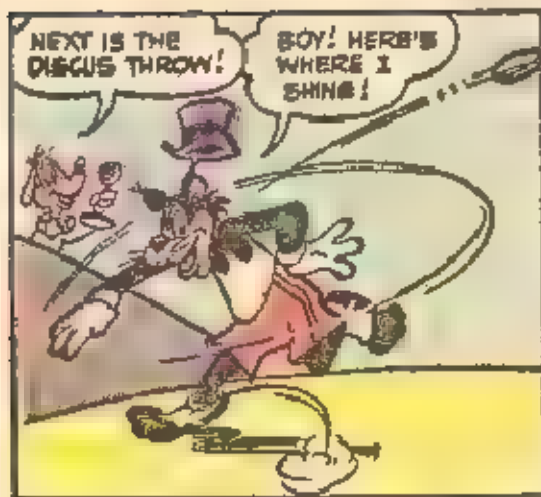
BANG!

OUCH!

ATOMIC MOUSE



ATOMIC MOUSE





extra money

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MAKE EXTRA MONEY TOO! The moment folks see the beautiful styles, the vast selection, and the low, money saving prices, they want you to send to famous Harford Frocks for dresses just like them. And for sending us their selections you get your own dresses *without paying a single penny*—and, in addition, you collect and keep a generous cash profit for every order you send. Don't wait! We'll send you everything you need **ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

Women like you



The dress I used to buy from you without paying for them. And I made \$7.00 to \$15.00 in a week space time period. DOROTHY MOUCH, Ill.



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RUSH ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly getting personal dresses without paying one penny for them, and make extra money in spare time besides.

Name

Address

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Dress Size

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I want to give you your choice of a multi taline, an archery set, new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 26-page catalog. Many prizes are given without cost, for selling just one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per pack.



NEW, GOLDEN
TRUMPET.
GIVEN FOR
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SEED CO. IT'S
AN EASY WAY TO
GET THAT CAMERA
I WANT

LET'S SEND
THIS COUPON
TODAY. I
KNOW LOTS
OF PEOPLE
WHO WANT
SEEDS

YES, BOBBY, WE NEED
GARDEN SEEDS. I'LL BUY
SIX PACKS

IT WAS FUN AND EASY
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HERE'S THE MAILMAN
WITH OUR
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YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM
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Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold,

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AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.



Professional Type Junior Archery Set

Famous Ben Pearson make. Has a 34-inch hardwood bow, 4 feathered arrows, target face, instructions. Sell one order of American Seeds plus 75¢

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Camera has telescope sight and fixed focus. Comes complete with carrying case. Sell one order.

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Attach wings, light, fan, motor in gear. Flies 500 feet high. Given for selling just one order.

EXTRA \$1,500 IN GRAND PRIZE AWARDS

Sell Price	Grand Order	Big Order
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PLUS 20 DELUXE SCHWINN BICYCLES

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AMERICAN SEED CO.

Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will mail them at 10¢ a pack, send you the money, and choose my prize

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ANTHONY BOONEN'S famous "push button" player. Both given for one order plus 50¢.

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Available in Red, Green, Navy Blue or Brown. Sell one order

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Remco's complete 2-way talking system. Just string out the wire—start talking. No batteries needed. Sell one order of American Seeds

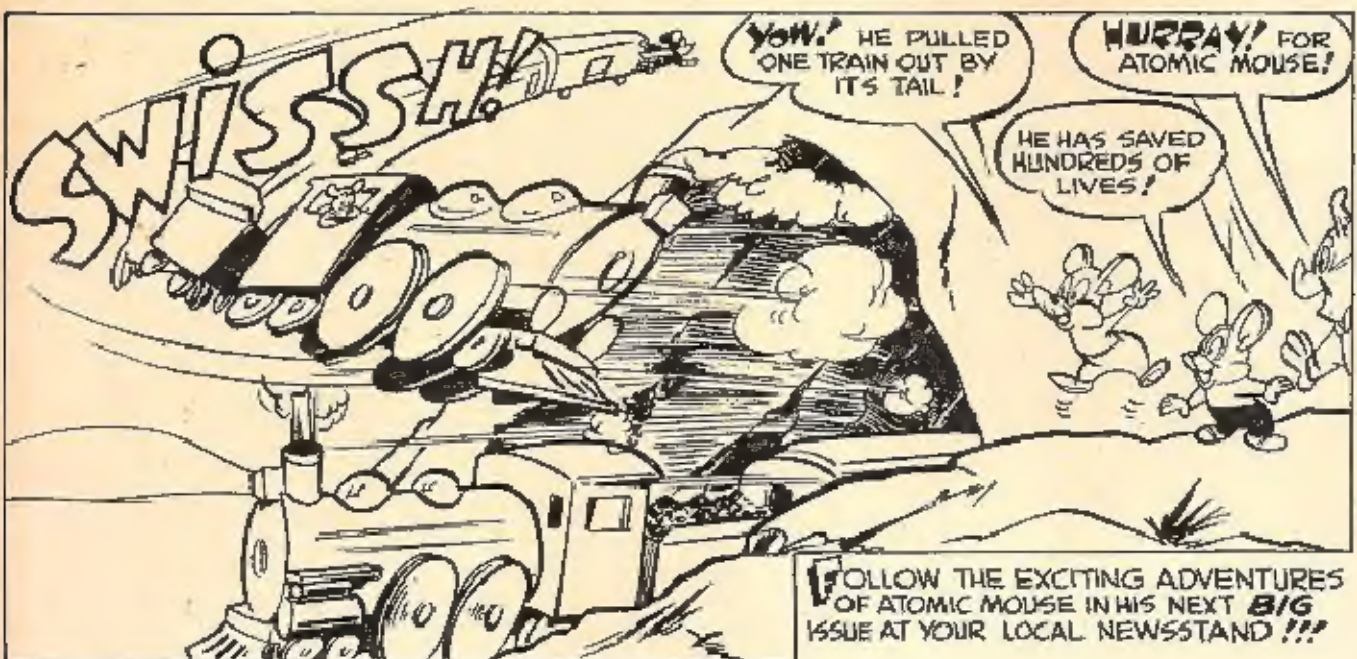
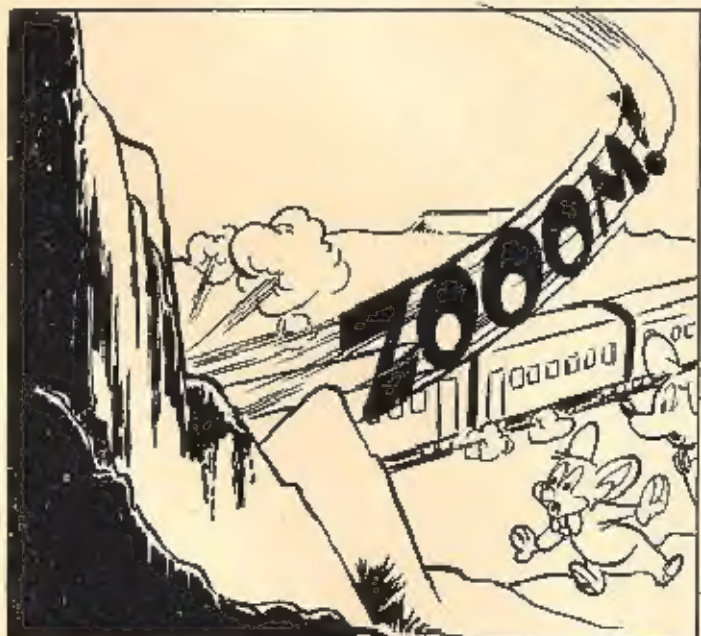
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PIN-UP
No 7

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